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The Week

THE country is waiting for President Coolidge to take the drastic steps in connection with the oil scandal which can alone redeem his administration and his party. The fact that prominent Democrats are now revealed as having been in close alliance with the same oil interests which so brazenly bought Mr. Fall does not in the slightest degree lessen the responsibility upon the President. Two members of his Cabinet are under grave suspicion of having aided the former Secretary of the Interior in his barefaced looting of government property, under circumstances which at best indicate incredible incompetence, and at worst, collusion in corruption. The facts already revealed have profoundly shocked the moral sense of the American people. Mr. Coolidge's unfortunate midnight statement, with its strong partisan flavor, and his selection of two politically-chosen investigators to go again over the familiar evidence are actions by no means satisfactory or adequate in a critical situation. The President ought to know, if he does not, that he will be judged for all time on the manner in which, in the next few weeks, he responds to the nationwide demand that he shall clean house.

RECOGNITION of Soviet Russia by the British government is unconditional, and hence implies the reciprocal freedom of commercial intercourse, sojourn, domicile, etc., customary among civilized nations. There are, however, a great many relations to be established by treaty or conventions, and the British government has made it plain that there will be no delay, after recognition, in instituting negotiations. These will deal with the question of reciprocal restrictions upon propaganda, with the claims of Britain and British subjects against Russia and the counterclaims of Russia against England. Apparently the British government also expects to take up the subject of credits that may be extended to Russia by either the British government or the British private and financial institutions. There are Englishmen who assert loudly that neither the government nor private business can afford the risk of credit transactions with Russia. But England has over a million workers and a corresponding part of her capital equipment idle. She can afford to apply these resources to production for Russia even at a considerable risk. As matters stand their potential production is a total loss.

THE fact of Soviet recognition has brought to light a curious difference between the political and the economic opinions of the conservative classes. Political opinion has persisted in regarding the recognition of Russia as a step toward the disintegration of the present order. Economic opinion regards it as a step toward peace and stability. This is shown clearly by the effect on the exchanges. The pound sterling leaped up over five cents and even the franc rose considerably. Italian and Belgian exchange also rose. It seems paradoxical that English capital had to wait for a Labor government to put into effect a policy demanded by the interest of capital. We can easily understand the situation, however, if we bear in mind that there is nearly always a considerable lag between the emergence of an economic interest and the adoption of policies expressing that interest. Thus in our own country the Hughes policy on Russia corresponds with propertied fears of three

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years ago, not with the business interests of today, although Hughes represents business, or nothing.

ALEXIS IVANOVITCH RYKOFF has taken Lenin's place as president of the Council of Commissars. He is former head of the Supreme Council of National Economy, of pure Russian stock and an engineer by birth. Tchitcherin remains Commissar of Foreign Affairs, Trotsky of War, and Krassin of Foreign Trade, while Djerjinsky will be head of the Supreme Economic Council. Kameneff is Chairman of the Council of Labor and Defense and Kalenin, Chairman of the Executive Committee. The selection of Rykoff, comparatively unknown, and hardly even mentioned by any of the experts who prophesied as to who would fill Lenin's shoes probably means that the Communists have compromised on a nonentity very much as the Republicans in the Chicago Convention of 1920 compromised on Harding. Rykoff will be titular head, while strong men pull the strings from behind the scenes. Which of the outstanding personalities will dominate, and whether Russia will move toward the right or the left, it is still too early to predict with any accuracy.

ONE of the first acts of the MacDonald government, we are told, will be to call a new "Washington Conference" which will attempt to secure agreements for the limitation of land and aerial armament. How necessary this is for Great Britain herself is strikingly revealed in an article in the February Atlantic by Brigadier-General P. R. C. Groves, former Director of Flying Operations for the British Air Ministry, and British Air Advisor to the Supreme Council, the Council of Ambassadors and the League of Nations. General Groves says flatly, and backs up his statement with the testimony of other experts, that in present-day warfare to command the air is to command the surface, whether of land or sea. There are no ground defences really effective against aeroplanes of the size and strength common today—aeroplanes which have engines as strong as four (European) locomotives. General Groves writes contemptuously of the "Lilliputian" air raids of the Great War, at a time when really nothing, comparatively speaking, was known about high explosive bombs, poison gas bombs and phosphorous shells.

WITH these facts in mind, General Groves proceeds to look at the respective aerial positions of England and France. In May, 1923, he reports that France possessed 140 squadrons of military aeroplanes, while Great Britain had only thirty-five. Of these, however, but seven were for home defence, so that in the case of a Western European war the French superiority would be at the rate of more than fifteen to one. At that time, France had 800 civilian machines of military value, and Great Britain only 150. France was manufacturing at the rate of 3,300 machines a year and Great Britain at the rate of 200. Naturally, the British took alarm at this situation. They decided on a "one power program" which involved an addition of eighty-two squadrons in all, thirty-four of which should be in commission by the end of 1925. France promptly replied by planning an increase of sixty-eight squadrons at once and 270 in the near future. Thus a new race in armament is under way, a race which knows no limit and proceeds in almost a panic of terror such as was never the case in the old days of the battleships. Under the circumstances, the desirability of such a conference as Mr. MacDonald proposes to call is obvious. Equally obvious, unfortunately, are the enormous difficulties with which he is confronted in consummating such an effort.

THE point of view of the most familiar type of newspaper publisher today has seldom been more clearly expressed than in an advertisement published by Frank Munsey to celebrate his recent purchase of the New York Evening Mail and its consolidation with his Evening Telegram. This consolidation, Mr. Munsey observes, "puts New York evening journalism in a much better, a much sounder and safer condition than it has been in in half a century."

> There is no greater menace to a community than newspapers that are struggling to keep alive in an overcrowded newspaper field and without strong financial stamina. The New York evening newspaper field is now in good shape through the elimination of an over-supply of evening newspapers. Three evening newspapers have been eliminated as individual entities from New York journalism by myself alone. . . . A newspaper does not stand the cold worth a cent. It must be comfortably housed, warmly clothed and generously nourished. An underfed newspaper out in the cold is a sad spectacle.

MR. MUNSEY is undoubtedly sincere. He really believes that a rich man is entitled to have a newspaper for his plaything, expressing his personal views through its editorial columns and paying the deficits if, as is likely to be the case, his publication is not sufficiently popular with the people to earn its own way. The millionaire publisher is not concerned that every liberal afternoon paper in New York whose editorial attitude was of any importance has now disappeared, and that the seven million people of the metropolitan area must choose between icy conservatism of the Munsey-Curtis brand, and the all-too-popular popularity of Mr. Hearst and the Pulitzers. Mr. Munsey's views are the accepted views of his class, throughout the country; there is no especial occasion to get excited about them. It remains

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true, however, that journalism, an occupation gravely concerned with the public welfare, is increasingly being treated as though it were a completely private matter like the grocery business, in which the public has no rights and the publisher no responsibilities.

THE flood of academic intolerance has made a new high water mark in a resolution of the Texas Board of Regents "that no infidel, atheist or agnostic be employed in any capacity in the University of Texas. . . . While no sectarian qualification shall ever be required . . . no person who does not believe in God as the Supreme Being and the Ruler of the universe shall hereafter be employed or at any time continue in or be elected or appointed to any office or position of any character in this university." There are plenty of good scholars who believe in God as the Supreme Being, and plenty of others who are honestly in doubt about the existence of a being whose attributes are incomprehensible and whose ways are inscrutable. It might seem no great harm if a single university like Texas chose to make of itself a preserve for the former. But faith under constraint is a worthless thing. There is no possibility of its remaining uninfected by hypocrisy. In attacking the tenure of the occasional agnostic in the university faculty the Board of Regents is attacking the religious integrity, and therewith the intellectual integrity of the whole body. It is a fraud on the taxpayers to appropriate public moneys to the support of an institution of learning where the soul is fettered and the pursuit of knowledge is subjected to the restraints of a bigoted inquisition.

THE investigation of the Bok Peace Plan by the Senate Committee on propaganda has turned out a dismal failure, as everyone with any sense knew it was sure to. The only result worth recording was the lesson given by Senators Reed and Moses as to just how bad senatorial bad manners can become. It is high time that the committee should turn its attention as promised, to a more fruitful field: the study of the propaganda in favor of the Mellon scheme for tax reduction. A huge effort is undoubtedly being made to stampede the country into accepting this scheme as it stands, without waiting to inquire too closely as to the relative relief it affords to the rich and to the poor. In fact, the very eagerness with which wealthy men and institutions have supported the Mellon plan has made the country suspicious; and this suspicion is well justified. We hope Messrs. Reed and Moses will dig in this fertile field. Among the statements they might help to immortalize is that of Major-General John F. O'Ryan, Chairman of the Citizens' National Committee Supporting the Mellon Tax Reduction Plan. "The axe of high taxes for high incomes is largely cutting the air, the targets have ducked," says General O'Ryan in an open letter to Rep. John N. Garner. In other words, since the rich repudiate their obligations, lay the additional burden on the poor. Everyone knows that the latter are meek, unorganized, and accustomed to extortion. They will carry the load.

IT is time to close the debate between Mr. Mellon and his critics. Unless one accepts the Secretary's diffusion theory of taxation, according to which taxes, wherever laid, will be paid by the masses of the people, the Secretary's arguments are not worth considering. The Mellon plan becomes simply a scheme for relieving the rich at the expense of the people of moderate incomes. Mr. Mellon's diffusion theory had a vogue in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It was driven underground by the progress of economic analysis in the nineteenth century, but just as the war revived an enormous number of practices that had slumbered since the Dark Ages, so the post-war confusion has revived all kinds of ancient financial and economic superstitions. It is a pure superstition that cutting the super-tax rates will operate to reduce the cost of living, and at the same time give an upward impetus to industry. The two effects are mutually exclusive. There may be ground for arguing that the super-tax is too high and should in fairness be reduced, whether the lower rates in the income tax schedule are reduced or not. But let us have the case argued on its merits. Life is too short for prolonged attention to financial hocus-pocuses.

THE inability of people in one country to understand the mental processes which operate in others was never more clearly demonstrated than in a proposal made a few days ago by the German Colonial Society. German scientists have discovered an effective medicine for African sleeping sickness, the remedy being supposedly "Bayer No. 205," a derivative of atoxyl. In view of this fact, the Colonial Society solemnly demands that Germany's African colonies be restored to her in exchange for the secret of the cure. We concede that the title of the Allies to these colonies is not much better than was that of Germany herself. The land was taken from the natives by force in the first place and has changed hands thereafter by the same means. No nation has governed its African colonies really well, Germany standing in this particular between France, which does pretty well, and Belgium which has done disgracefully ill. However, the proposal to barter a medical secret of great value for colonial possessions is a piece of cold-blooded brutality. It violates medical ethics as they are known and practiced internationally. It is the one best way to enrage the French and British at a moment when Germany urgently needs their good will. If the members

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of the Colonial Society are so thick-headed that they cannot understand this, they are too thick-headed to understand anything.

HIGH TARIFF enthusiasts have been pointing out that the Fordney-McCumber law has failed, after all, to check the flow of imports into this country; and argue, therefore, that the fears expressed by opponents that the law might curtail our foreign trade were unfounded. It is true that prosperity in this country has been sufficient to override the tariff barrier; but what the high tariff men conveniently overlook is the penalty which the law has laid upon the American people. A careful study made by New York bankers interested in foreign trade shows that during 1923 we paid $500,000,000 more for imported goods than we would have paid for the same goods if they had been imported during the previous year. To this huge burden must be added of course a larger one resulting from higher prices on goods of the same character produced and sold at home. During 1923 non-dutiable imports increased in quantity twenty-eight percent, dutiable imports only nine percent. Prices on the goods which were free of duty in 1922 and dutiable in 1923 increased forty percent. The moderation of this figure is due to the fact that prices on some items decreased. If they be omitted, the increase in price averaged sixty percent. Even those imports which were already dutiable increased under the new law an average of forty-five percent in price. No one knows accurately what the American people are forced to pay in needless profits to manufacturers because of the tariff. If the total sum ever becomes known we make the prediction that there will be little less than a revolution in Washington's marble halls.

"SAFETY FIRST" as a rule of action for the small saver is not so popular with the banks in the Middle West as it used to be. Following this rule a great many persons have been buying government savings certificates instead of depositing their money in the banks, whose condition is widely regarded as doubtful. Therefore the banks have earnestly requested that the sale of such certificates be stopped, and Secretary Mellon has complied with the request. Between the small saver's desire for security and the bank's desire for funds on which to make a profit, Secretary Mellon naturally chooses the latter. Suppose that he succeeds in driving depositors, will-they nill-they, to the banks, and that bank failures supervene. How will the federal government escape the charge of complicity in the business of stripping the small savers of their money?

IT is a curious fact that such problems as the effect on the banks of the sale of savings certificates are always treated by practical bankers and financiers in terms of abstract theory, not in terms of verifiable fact. Neither the banks nor the Treasury pay any attention to the statistics in the possession of the war savings division which would probably show that the increasing sales of certificates coincided with increasing deposits in the banks, so long as the banks commanded and deserved confidence. In a time of general distrust of banks such as prevails in the Northwest, the alternative to the savings certificate is not the bank deposit, but the stocking or hair mattress, or the immediate expenditure of surplus funds on articles that may last out the crash. There will be no increase in deposits that can properly be imputed to Mr. Mellon's order. Will Mr. Mellon and the bankers learn anything from that? No, indeed. Their next move will be to demand the closing of the postal savings banks in the territory where the private banks are embarrassed. There is absolutely no limit to the stupidities otherwise intelligent men can commit once they have obfuscated their minds with financial dogmas.

DR. EDWIN E. SLOSSON, Director of Science Service, has been looking into the notions which the average layman has of the world about him. Most people, he finds, possess some at least of the following theories:

> People are descended from "monkeys;" the sun is made of radium; Mars is inhabited by a race of canal diggers; the ancient Mayas knew all about relativity; the earth is getting hotter; the earth is getting colder; the earth will be smashed up by running into a comet; the average mental age of Americans is thirteen; all progress comes from a superior Nordic race; mankind is losing all its teeth and hair; the world is going to starve to death from overpopulation; the world is going to die off from race suicide; Conan Doyle proved the existence of fairies; drinking sour milk or grafting goat glands will make everybody live to 150; there is no soul; everybody has two or three souls; according to Freud you must give rein to every impulse or die of a complex; all rheumatism comes from bad teeth; all diseases can be cured by manipulating the backbone; harnessing the power of the tides will replace coal as a source of power.

SOME of these notions, Dr. Slosson comments, are false; some are hypotheses which may or may not be true and some are truths badly expressed or placed in a misleading context. He is not, however, discouraged by the poor showing, when he remembers how young is science in the history of the world and how old is humanity. In particular, he notes the fact that even the most simple-minded followers of pseudo-science, the devotees of astrologers, ouija boards and dream books, are affected in their daily lives by the results of real science, which possesses a unique quality in that it works. "Only real chemistry can provide the basis for the

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big industrial inventions which the public demands and appreciates. Only real medicine can in the long run lower the municipal death rate." While this is true, we should not forget that the pseudo-scientists do all in their power to prevent the development and application of new discoveries. University trustees with minds like Mr. Bryan's seek to prevent biological laboratory work under the Darwinian formula. For many years the use of anaesthetics in surgery was resisted by pious souls who believed God meant men to suffer. Persons who for various "religious" reasons do not believe in germs seek to prevent by legal statute the use of vaccines, and thereby to hold up the death rate. Science has to fight for the privilege of aiding mankind; and from all appearances, must long continue to do so.

Distributing the Blame for Teapot Dome

DURING the campaign which resulted in the elevation of Warren G. Harding to the presidency, the New Republic urged repeatedly that the election to that office of a man with his training and associations upon a platform of "normalcy" would be a clear case of political regression. His success would symbolize the restoration to something of their former vitality of the states of mind and the habits of public behavior of the pre-Roosevelt era in national politics. The development of the past few weeks with respect to the leasing of the lands which had been set apart as a naval oil reserve supplies a melancholy vindication of the New Republic's warning. American politics in the days of McKinley and Hanna was not without its good qualities as compared to the politics of Roosevelt and Wilson, but it had one egregious and intolerable fault. It lived in an atmosphere congenial to the satisfaction of private interests more or less completely at the public expense. That is the atmosphere which settled down upon Washington when the Republicans resumed control.

Now that the consequences of this regression are coming to the surface, there is a disposition among Mr. Harding's supporters to limit the liability for what is being exposed and the significance of it. They do not, of course, defend ex-Secretary Fall or Doheny or Sinclair, but they seek to exculpate every member of the government, no matter how closely he was connected with the transaction, who is not directly implicated in the fraud. A discriminating public opinion should beware of this attempt at exoneration. There is a general negative responsibility for corruption in politics as well as a specific and positive responsibility. The public official who is not vigilant, intolerant and if necessary disagreeable in directing, exposing and defeating fraud cannot impute the blame for its occurrence entirely to those who actually commit the offence. A negative liability of this kind exists with respect to the oil leases. The number of officials who are proved to have shared consciously and profitably in the offence are few and insignificant. But the officials who for the benefit of their party or their administration must have shut their eyes, quieted scruples, stifled inquiries and fixed their own attention on less embarrassing matters are many and important. These officials are, from the point of view of public opinion, as clearly although not as specifically responsible for the offence as those directly implicated. The offenders could not have consummated their fraud except in an official society whose members were not sufficiently inquisitive and solicitous about the behavior of their colleagues.

The difference of atmosphere between an administration in which such offences can happen and one in which they cannot happen is imponderable and immeasurable, but it is none the less real. A Cabinet officer such as ex-Secretary Fall could not have committed during the administration of Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Wilson the offence which he committed as a member of Mr. Harding's official family. Mr. Roosevelt would not, of course, have appointed to the Secretaryship of the Interior a man like Fall who was notoriously favorable to the exploitation of the public domain by unscrupulous private interests; but if by accident or mistake a man of this kind had received the appointment, he would have been prevented from seriously considering such a nefarious raid upon the national economic resources. Surrounded as he would have been by people who, as soon as he moved in a dubious direction, would have suspected, watched and exposed him, he would not have dared to move. Fall apparently was not troubled by any such apprehensions. He felt safe enough in the environment of the Harding administration to take the chance.

How can Mr. Fall's associates escape a certain share of responsibility for the existence of this atmosphere? Consider what the circumstances were. Secretary Fall was known to be a doubtful character. At the time of his appointment the New Republic received a number of letters from correspondents in the southwest which gave an account of his local reputation as anything but savory. His colleagues in the Cabinet must have known the kind of man he was and the kind of offence he was likely to commit. They were, according to their own accounts, not consulted about the oil reserve leases, but whether consulted or not, an administration of which they were a part planned and executed contracts which the Senate has just condemned by unanimous vote as fraudulent, as contrary to law and as violative of an accepted and a wise public pol-

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icy. Their complaisance rendered the offence possible and helped to shelter it from the widespread suspicion and objection which would otherwise have greeted its announcement.

The amount of responsibility varies in the cases of different members of the administration. That of the Attorney-General is direct and considerable. He, as the law officer of the administration, was in a sense an actual party to the illegality if not to the fraud. The responsibility of the Secretary of the Navy is equally onerous. No one accuses him of profiting from the fraud or being aware of it, but a man who could be used as the tool of a transaction of this kind has certainly forfeited the confidence which the American people ought to feel in the trustworthiness of a Cabinet officer. The other members of the Cabinet cannot fairly evade a much smaller and more indirect yet still substantial liability. Even though they were not consulted they must, unless they were willingly blind, have suspected that an administration of which they formed a part was engaged in a dubious transaction which as conscientious public servants they ought to investigate. In our own case the original announcement of the lease did not cause us much alarm chiefly for one reason. It seemed incredible that men of so much probity, intelligence and public spirit as Messrs. Hughes and Hoover could have remained part of an administration which consented to the disposal of a great national asset on terms which would enable private interests to profiteer illegally at the expense of the people. There must have been millions of people who attributed to the leading members of the Cabinet the will and the ability to protect at any cost to themselves the American nation from such a miserable humiliation and from such an ignoble and disastrous defeat.

The inevitable and the justifiable consequence will be a revival of the suspicions with which the ordinary American formerly regarded the relations between American politics and business. The suspicions have somewhat subsided, chiefly because the corruption of the political machines by railroads, public utility corporations and other large business enterprises has either subsided or changed its spots. But, as it is now apparent, suspicion should not have subsided. Just as soon as there is any relaxation of vigilance, a corruption which has been counteracted in one part of the body politic will break out in another. The reason undoubtedly and unfortuately is that the infection runs in the blood. There are millions of American business men who themselves scrupulously eschew corrupt practices and conduct their own affairs like decent and honorable men, but the vast majority of them consciously connive at the malpractice which they do not commit. They are first of all regular fellows, and they refuse for one reason or another to get up and fight for high general standards of business behavior. Like the members of Mr. Harding's Cabinet they cannot be trusted to exercise the kind of vigilance and to practice the eager devotion to the public interest which is necessary to protect the national welfare against the raids of profiteering pirates. Will the "loans" which Messrs. Doheny and Sinclair made to Secretary Fall have any effect on their standing among their business associates? Everybody knows that they will not, and as long as they do not, as long as there is no code of conduct or court of honor which can determine penalties for such conduct, the business men and politicians who now run the country are not entitled to protest against the rise of an indignant and impatient political agitation which proposes to sweep them from power.

Apparently the American nation will have to undergo another process of muck-raking and stable-cleaning. There was for many years previous to 1917 a vigorous agitation for political economic reforms which, notwithstanding serious setbacks, had gradually done away with the worst political and economic abuses. It had brought into power leaders who with all their faults could be trusted not to serve as the direct or indirect tools of profiteering private interests. American entrance into the world war finished this agitation and compromised many of its moral benefits. The orgy of bellicose moral passions and hatreds into which the American people plunged broke down the somewhat artificial safeguards against abuses which the reformers had so laboriously built up. As soon as the vigilance was relaxed and a presumption again established in favor of letting private interests have what they wanted, the way was prepared for a general lowering of scruples and standards. The speculative opportunities of American business were enormously enlarged as the result of war inflation and the men who profited by them to win money at the public expense inevitably suffered from an increasing callousness, blindness and self-complacency. That part of American business which is more than half speculative and profits by the exploitation of American natural resources has waxed particularly bold, unscrupulous and prosperous, but in every neighborhood and in all occupations business men behaved as if they had received a new license to make money in ways which amounted to taking it away from other people. This license was handed to them when the late Mr. Harding was elected on a platform of dispensing with the impediments which government placed in the way of business. There is only one way to revoke it. A change must be brought about in the responsible political leadership of the country, which will substitute for the kind of men who occupy high office and are predisposed to let private business alone, other officials who will aim at a wider and fairer distribution of the economic power and resources of the country.

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The Paradox of Woodrow Wilson

WOODROW WILSON is dead, but his death has not brought his career to an end. He has earned a posthumous immortality in the impulse which his words have bestowed on the great enterprise of organized peace and in the bitter controversies which the repudiation of their share in that enterprise by his fellow-countrymen has aroused. While his defeat, his long illness and his death have diminished the acerbity of the personal attacks upon him, they have not curbed the irreconcilability and bitterness of his opponents. The fortunes of his personal career after death no less than during his life are entangled with the fate of an extremely contentious subject of national policy.

His partisans think of him as an outraged and vilified martyr to a great cause whose essential righteousness some future generation of his fellow countrymen will abundantly vindicate. His opponents have moderated their opposition only because of his comparative impotence. But in so far as they sacrificed him in 1919 in order to defeat his cause, they would not hesitate to sacrifice him again if his undoing were necessary to the defeat of his project. The controversy is almost as much alive and is as far from solution as it was on the day when he was stricken; and the passions and divergent interests which it aroused still determine the attitudes of his fellow countrymen towards his personality. His opponents are reluctant to study and to recognize his qualities and services. They are afraid that recognition of his merits may look like friendliness to his cause. His partisans are similarly reluctant to examine his failings in their relation to his positive qualities. They fear that the admission of his failings might subtract from the brightness of the halo which they have cast about his head and which, as they believe, may eventually recommend his cause to the American people.

In our opinion both the partisans and the opponents of Mr. Wilson's enterprise are mistaken in subordinating their attitude towards the man to their opinions about the merits or demerits of his cause. A better understanding of Mr. Wilson himself will throw indispensable light on the meaning of his attempt to force his country into the original League of Nations without reservations. If the controversy over his enterprise is embittered, if its issues are confused and equivocal, if the subject has become for our fellow countrymen a jungle bristling with thorns and impassable with thickets, this irritating and baffling confusion is surely the consequence and the reflection of certain obscure but aggressive contradictions in Mr. Wilson's own soul. Whatever virtues Mr. Wilson possessed, they certainly were not the traditional virtues of a martyr. He did not like Joan of Arc symbolize, clarify, vindicate and bequeath to his fellow countrymen a great idea which they could accept as he formulated it and could subsequently realize. He bequeathed to them a quarrel rather than a cause. He himself contributed substantially to the defeat of his own enterprise. The conflagration which consumed his vitality, paralyzed his body and finally brought about his death was born of an irrepressible conflict within himself rather than of the temper and the blows of his enemies.

He was not like Lincoln the finely tempered and thoroughly unified instrument for the accomplishment of a great human purpose. He was rather a man of rare vision and determination who cultivated so much self-confidence that in planning and carrying out the culminating enterprise of his life he did not allow for the possibility of temporary failure. When his cause was threatened by disaster, his self-confidence which was apparently a compensation for some obscure vein of self-distrust, deserted him; he gave up the ghost and revealed the crack in his own mind. Divided as he was against himself, he so managed his great cause that he left his countrymen divided unprofitably against themselves.

We do not know enough about Mr. Wilson to understand what were the psychological explanations of his internal conflict. When the records of his early life are published, we shall doubtless know more, but probably we shall never know as much as we need to know. The conventional biography tends to ignore or obscure the facts which explain a spiritual lesion of this kind. But the evidences of its existence are numerous and of the most varied description. They take the form of a long array of contradictions which are sufficiently striking to justify the characterization of his personality as fundamentally puzzling and paradoxical.

He represented superficially the type of scholar in politics. His energies previous to his election as Governor of New Jersey were occupied with a professional study of the political institutions and history of his fellow countrymen. Yet in spite of the rare intellectual gifts which he brought to the task, no time-serving politician could have shown more instability in his opinions or wider discrepancies between his opinions and his practices. As a scholar he was an exponent and an admirer of congressional authority. As a President he was ruthless and peremptory in imposing his will on Congress. As a political scientist he was ardently in favor of functional representative government. As a presidential candidate he came to see theretofore unsuspected virtues in the initiative, referendum and the recall. He was, of course, an ardent democrat by conviction and a persistent preacher of the virtue of common counsel, forbearance and coöperation. But in spirit and practice he was a lonely and isolated man, who

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did not seek advice except from a few intimates, who was disconcerted by opposition and who preserved his composure chiefly by shutting out or violently subduing rebellious people or ideas. His disposition to play a lone hand and to depend for success upon the adequacy of his own internal resources, particularly in eloquent words, was, of course, much increased by the aggrandisement of the presidential office and of his personal prestige which took place after American entrance into the war. It confirmed him in the disposition to do things and have things his own way.

The outstanding paradox of his career turns upon the discrepancy between Wilson the apostle of international coöperation, of national self-determination and of thoroughgoing democratic self-government and Wilson who had never exhibited any previous interest in Europe and who had always believed in and practiced personal and national isolation. He was gifted with the imagination of a philosophical poet which could seize and give form to prevailing political aspirations, and it was because of this amazing gift that he expressed so eloquently and successfully the aspirations of those people in America and Europe who cherished the illusion that by waging war they could lay the foundations for peace. It was a vision at once very lofty and very frail which he expressed with great rhetorical adroitness, but it was unfortunately in his own mind and that of most of his followers only an imaginative tour de force. At some stage in its career it would run into insuperable obstacles and have to admit its self-contradictory impotence. But he was not only a poet in politics; he was a Presbyterian Covenanter who was so convinced of his own wisdom and righteousness that he had little room for ordinary human curiosity and sympathy and at the same time he was a political leader who had given bonds somehow to conduct the peoples of his own day to the promised land of peace.

In Washington during the war the imaginative spokesman of political vision was uppermost. In Paris after the war the political leader came to the front and sought to use the League of Nations as a means of converting a treaty born of victory into a peace which looked towards reconciliation. It was an impossible attempt which would have broken down in the end. But it happened to break down immediately because Mr. Wilson who was willing to concede so much in Paris would concede nothing when he returned to Washington. Inflexibility rather than flexibility now became his infirmity. He transposed himself into the stern Covenanter whose will was the will of God, and who evidently hoped and expected to get his own way by once again raising his persuasive voice and dissolving the opposition in himself and in his fellow countrymen. For the first time he placed on his gift for the spoken word a burden which it could not bear. He failed to convert his fellow countrymen. The towering but unbalanced structure of his own spirit collapsed as the result of the failure. What integrity his own personality possessed was a product of the success with which he had always used words to overcome resistance to his plans, and when the words went back on him, as they did during that fatal western trip, the cohesion of his spirit and the soundness of his body could not survive the chagrin.

The Battle of the Franc

M. POINCARÉ has characterized the parliamentary struggle centering in the stability of the franc as a second battle of the Marne. The phrase has not received the attention it deserved. It is not a mere piece of rhetoric. If the franc were to collapse the political effects, both domestic and international would be so far-reaching as to be comparable, with no great stretch of the imagination, to the effects of German defeat on the Marne. The defeat broke off the spearhead of German imperialism. French imperialism would be terribly shaken by the collapse of the franc. The imperial house of Germany was doomed when the German armies were hurled back from the Marne. If the franc were to break away, M. Poincaré and his whole backing of militarists, industrialists and speculators would be politically extinct.

Ever since the armistice the ruling coterie in France has been playing a bold and dangerous financial game. They had to do with a public which believed that all things were possible, now that the war had been won. They controlled the press and all other sources through which financial information could reach the public. Therefore they considered themselves to be in a position to direct the finances of the country according to free-willist principles. They spent money freely on intervention in Russia; they subsidized Poland and the Little Entente in the guise of loans; they entered upon a costly and often wasteful and corrupt program of reconstruction, assuring the public that Germany would pay, although they knew well that Germany's capacity to pay must for a long time be very limited. Every year deficits rolled up; in 1918 49,900,000,000 francs; in 1919, 42,600,000,000; in 1920, 38,300,000,000; in 1921, 30,500,000,000; in 1922, 31,300,000,000. (We take these figures from the Supplement to Commerce Reports, published by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, August 13, 1923.) Since 1922 the deficits have been reduced, partly through economy, partly through increased revenues. Yet down to the present time the budget, as we understand the word, has not come within 15,000,000,000 francs of balancing. We greatly doubt that it will come measurably near balancing even if M. Poincaré's taxation and econ-

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omy program goes through. Fundamentally, the French financial position is precarious, if not desperate.

It is not merely a question of whether or not sufficient money can be raised by taxation or by loans to pay the interest on the colossal domestic debt, now approaching 300,000,000,000 francs. For a long time the French government has been floating hardly any but short time loans, three years or less. Six months ago the volume of short term loans stood at 114,000,000,000 francs, from which we may estimate that the French treasury is compelled to make extensive refunding loans, running probably to about 12,000,000,000 francs monthly, on the average. And with the decline in popular confidence the investors show greater and greater reluctance to take these offerings. In October, 1922, it was possible to raise money at a net rate that works out at 6.38 percent. In March, 1923, the rate had risen to 7.23; in December, 1923, 7.61. At present the government would have to pay about 8 percent. No doubt the process can be continued, by steadily improving the terms offered to the lender. But this is an expensive proceeding, and carried too far will inevitably shake public confidence.

This, then, is the position that the Poincaré government has to defend. A vast and steadily mounting debt, largely composed of short term loans capable of becoming a persistent embarrassment to the government. An investing public gradually becoming enlightened to the fact that the great expectations of payments from Germany will not be realized, and that the "sums recoverable from Germany" that have figured in every budget since the war are essentially nothing but deficits. A dawning understanding that the bonds will never be repaid in francs at gold exchange rates, nor even at one half such rates. Hence a feeling of uneasiness and suspicion, which deepens and extends itself by underground channels not subject to the government's control of publicity.

For its defence of this position the government can depend on an intense patriotism which refuses to treat the franc as an ordinary speculative value, and on its ability to devise situations that seem to improve the financial position. Poincaré's tax proposals, though inadequate, might serve for a time. The reduction of Germany to a position under the League like that of Austria might also serve. But neither is certain to have the desired effect. The forces of distrust may already have gained too great a head.

If Poincaré comes to the conclusion that such is the real situation, his obvious cue will be to fall, to fall with a crash, upholding measures of sound finance. To be caught with the collapse of the franc would mean absolute political ruin for him. There is much in his attitude on his taxation proposals that suggests a desire for a good chance to fall. The chambers must take his proposals or leave them, as a matter of patriotism. Then it will be easy to make them a matter of confidence, and in the event of their failure, to pass the onus on to some more sanguine politician.

Maintaining the franc near its present level is essential to the political survival of Poincaré and his party. It is essential also to the maintenance of French influence on the Continent. Poland and the Little Entente would be less subservient to a France no longer in a position to make generous loans. Even now there are signs of a more independent policy among those states. The manifest intention of the Little Entente to recognize Russia, and the refusal of Rumania to accept the 100,000,000 franc loan after France had decided to extend it may be instances in point.

It is true that the real resources of France are not dependent on the value of the franc. National production and consumption go on practically as they would under a sound system of finance. But this consideration does not justify us in ignoring the profound political effects a serious fall in the franc would have. They might not be limited to a mere shift in ministries.

For the holders of French bonds are the whole people, largely the non-political peasants who take little interest in party politics so long as they are not excessively taxed and are protected in their investments. Such non-political masses are capable of blowing up a whirlwind, on occasion. They have no strong feeling for parliamentary institutions. A great many of them, we may be sure, have turned their eyes in the direction of Italy, where Mussolini appears to be managing both foreign affairs and domestic finance fairly well. If a strong man is saving Italy from bankruptcy, what might not a strong man do for France?

The battle for the franc is more than an ordinary financial struggle. The fortunes of the dominant party, its foreign policy, and perhaps even the parliamentary régime itself, are at stake. M. Poincaré is resourceful and may yet come off victorious. But those who play so desperate a game as Poincaré has played are inevitably placed in a position where the final decision lies with blind fate.

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Oil-Driven Politics

TODAY Washington is wading shoulder-deep in oil. The scandal which began with former Secretary Fall's relations with Doheny and Sinclair is spreading so fast and far that no one can set probable limits to its influence. The newspaper correspondents write of nothing else. In the hotels, on the streets, at the dinner tables, the sole subject of discussion is oil. Congress has abandoned all other business. Reed's investigation of "Bok Propaganda" and Borah's inquiry into Russia have both been drowned and forgotten under an oleaginous sea. No one knows what each day may bring forth in the affair which has now swelled, under the pressure of public indignation, to such huge proportions.

Though it is too early to prophesy accurately, four main results from the scandal now seem fairly clear:

1. The policy of conservation of our natural resources has been reëstablished, more firmly than for a decade past.
2. President Coolidge within the next fortnight will either make certain that he is to succeed himself, or will destroy all hopes of a victory in the election both for himself and for his party.
3. The candidacy of William G. McAdoo for the Democratic nomination has, probably quite unjustly, been gravely harmed if it has not been altogether destroyed.
4. The possibility of a third party in the coming election has been much enhanced.

The reasons for these developments ought to be fairly self-evident. The present zeal for conservation, of course, may fade with the passing months—indeed, is almost sure to; but the subject will play an important part in the 1924 campaign, and the incoming administration, of whatever complexion, is almost certain to be committed in advance against the use of public resources for private profit.

All observers agree that President Coolidge can only save himself and his party by desperate measures, promptly applied. It is true that some of the tar has splashed over upon Democratic garments. It is also true that the whole scandal is a heritage from the Harding régime. But these are facts to which the public will give little weight. The country sees the Coolidge Cabinet gravely suspected of incompetence or corruption. The President can only set these doubts at rest if he uses the axe. And he must do so in a spectacular manner which is completely at variance with the actions normal to his character.

As for Mr. McAdoo, he is having perhaps the hardest luck of anyone in the whole affair. There is no reason to assume that he has been guilty of wrongdoing in the legal services he has performed for E. L. Doheny and for which he and his associates have been paid a sum which he sets at $150,000 and Mr. Doheny at $100,000 more. Mr. McAdoo asserts that the only work of his former firm and himself has been in connection with the Doheny properties in Mexico. However, when the gusher breaks loose, everyone within range must share the trouble, whether he was one of the drilling crew or not.

If McAdoo, for this or any other reason, should fail to secure the Democratic nomination, the Progressives in his party and more particularly the Progressive Republicans, will find themselves under the heaviest sort of pressure to go outside the two established machines and put an independent third ticket in the field. If the Democrats do not nominate McAdoo, they are fairly sure to choose a conservative, safe and sane leader; and on the other side, that Coolidge will get the Republican nomination, no one doubts. His party now faces the same dilemma it did with Harding shortly before the latter's death; selection of another candidate would so patently mean repudiation of the party record that defeat would be inevitable. Yet how can such men as La Follette and Borah ask the voters to support one of two conservative candidates neither of whom has the slightest interest in the things which lie closest to the Progressive's heart?

A third party almost certainly could not win, at least until 1928. It might succeed this year however in throwing the election into the House of Representatives and possibly thereafter into the Senate. In electing a President the members of the House vote by states; but at present it seems likely that the result would be about the same as though the ballots were cast by individuals. That is, the necessary majority could only be secured by a coalition of Democrats and Progressive Republicans behind a candidate mutually satisfactory.

Never, it should be added, were the processes of democracy more sordidly revealed or more humiliating for a citizen to watch than in the history of the great scandal in oil. There is, *item*, the fact that hardly anyone anywhere cared about the case as long as it concerned only the violation of our policy of conservation, and the looting of 30,000 acres of public lands containing a quarter of a billion barrels of our rapidly diminishing reserve of oil. Only when the matter developed a personal scandal, the bribery of a high government official, did the public suddenly wake up and lick its lips.

There is, *item*, the fact that both political parties, as represented by the leading figures in the House and Senate and by other government officials up to and including the President of the United

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States, have shown a decided lack of interest in the genuine moral issues involved, and an acute desire to utilize the national misfortune for partisan ends. I make this statement in full cognizance of the lofty moral tone taken by the Democrats in the Senate debate—up to the time when the oleaginous brush was applied to McAdoo, Gregory, Lane and Garrison, all members of the Wilson Cabinet. At least ninety percent of this moral indignation, in my regretful judgment, was political bunk produced by political bunk artists for political bunk purposes.

There is, *item,* the fact already indicated, that the public anger, once it has been roused sufficiently, is incapable of discriminating between the guilty man and the one who is innocent though appearances are against him.

There is, *item,* the fact that the whole revelation should have turned so largely on accident. Senator Walsh of Montana, whose able and untiring work in bringing corruption to light has earned him the gratitude of the whole public, had worked for months unavailingly in search of a clew and had found none. His colleagues on the committee were in despair—except those Republican members who had done everything they could to block and hinder the investigation from first to last. Most of the newspaper correspondents saw nothing in the story—had never seen anything in it. And then, almost by pure chance, a New Mexico witness, Carl C. Magee, was brought to Washington. He had much to tell, but he narrated current reports in that state about Mr. Fall's sudden prosperity following upon the admitted fact that he was "dead broke" in 1920.

These statements, for some reason, managed to "get under the hide" of Fall—Fall the frontiersman, the rough and ready, two-fisted fighter who looks like an old-time Texas sheriff and is said to have handled a gun in his younger days with all the speed and accuracy of a Zane Grey hero. Fall felt his honor had been impugned. He rose to defend himself, and to explain that his sudden wealth had come in the form of a $100,000 loan from his good friend Edward B. McLean, the Washington publisher. Mr. McLean concurred.

Again, chance came to the aid of the forces of righteousness. In his discouragement Senator Walsh declared he could not take more time and go to Palm Beach where Fall and McLean were "resting." Then almost at the last minute, he decided it was worth one final attempt. He went down, put McLean on the stand and got the truth. The publisher, presumably realizing for the first time the seriousness of his situation went back on his former story.

From that moment the house of cards began to collapse. Doheny, taking alarm, started from California to tell his amazing story of the hundred thousand dollar "loan" to his old friend Fall; of the note which he had in his pocket at the moment he was assuring the Senate Committee it was lost, the note from which he had torn the signature lest some day it might fall into the hands of someone else who would demand its payment.

Chance played its part, a decidedly useful part. It helped to reveal to the American people the fact that "big business" had in the most brutal and callous fashion bought a member of the Cabinet of President Harding like so much cheese across a counter; that four members of the Cabinet of President Wilson had accepted sums large or small, from the oil interests under circumstances which leave a great deal still in urgent need of explanation. It has brought to light the fact that one member of the Coolidge Cabinet is so gravely implicated in the Fall scandal that he is unable by his own confession to perform his duty as Attorney General of the United States. Another member of that Cabinet is revealed as grossly incompetent, incompetent to the point where he knew next to nothing of the most important transactions in his department. Every other member rests under the humiliating confession, made explicit by Secretary Hughes, that while this most important reversal of policy was in progress, they did not even know that it was going on, since it was "never discussed at any meeting." And chance has shown us that (with a few conspicuous exceptions such as the Scripps-Howard newspapers) the press, over a period of more than a year completely failed to report to the American people the most sensational news in Washington, although there were more than enough suspicious circumstances to justify a careful investigation at the very least.

No one familiar with the conditions at the nation's capital can pretend, if he is candid, to be much surprised at the revelations of the past fortnight.. While the brazenness of what Fall did is unusual, all the rest of the tale might be repeated tomorrow. The government machine is so large and so badly organized that in any part of it corruption is possible at any time and is enormously difficult to detect and thwart. That the politicians would respond to what has happened only by a particularly painful display of partisanship was also inevitable, under the system which sends to the capital politically-minded men and none other.

Finally, the country in 1920 turned over the government to the Republicans. The party chiefs accepted the victory as giving them a mandate for an administration primarily on behalf of business. Everyone, in Washington at least, understood what was happening. To be sure, bribery wasn't in the bargain—but it was plain that the ground was being prepared from which such plants invariably spring. The wonder is not that the tale of corruption is so long—but that it is not longer still.

Washington. BRUCE BLIVEN.

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Increasing the National Wealth

AMONG all the confusion that is created in the public mind by the lugubrious utterances concerning the things which are hampering our national prosperity there is one fact which furnishes solid anchorage for a sane judgment upon the situation. Our national production is large, and our wealth is growing at a rate seldom equalled in our history. No other nation has ever had such an addition in twelve months as we have created within the last year. Neither high taxes nor tax-exempt securities nor idiotic tariffs have greatly hampered our economic growth.

A nation's wealth grows whenever its production exceeds its consumption. The year 1923 has been a year of well-nigh full production. Our consumption for the satisfaction of our current wants has absorbed only about five-sixths of our production. The remainder constitutes an addition to the permanent things which we own for use, enjoyment, and for further production. It is apparent now that we have added some $12,000,000,000 to our national wealth through savings during the past year. For this act of producing more than one consumes is the essence of saving.

This volume of savings, or capital accumulation, or increase of wealth, whatever you are pleased to call it, is one of the most significant and outstanding phenomena of our industrial process. Next to the high standard of living which exists among all classes of our people, it is the phase of our industrial life which best typifies the accomplishments of our economic organization. England, before the war, added about $2,000,000,000 to her national wealth annually through saving. That amount has been greatly reduced now because of the decline in her productive output. Germany added a similar amount in prewar days. She probably did not increase her national wealth at all during the past year. Italy and France together saved less in prewar days than either Germany or England. Even at that time the United States was adding more to her national wealth each year through savings than these four nations combined. Today America is the one great accumulator of capital in the world.

The business men are beginning to tell us that thirty years ago the limiting factor in production was capital; but that today it is labor. They recognize this accumulation of funds and of surplus production which is represented by our $12,000,000,000 of savings. No longer is it necessary to direct our national economic policy primarily with a view to encouraging capital accumulation. That seems to be sufficiently institutionalized to assure the nation of funds for the promotion of industry and for the expansion of those durable material things which are needed to maintain the great mass of people in a high degree of comfort.

Anyone who has observed the course of production during the last twelve months has realized that the volume of savings must be going on at a rapid rate. The demand for capital at home grows out of the construction of durable goods. These may be either in the form of factories and machinery to be used in further production, in the form of rails and equipment to be used in transportation, or in the form of houses to be inhabited and enjoyed. Automobiles are one of the most important of these types of durable goods. Their uses fall partly in the productive class and partly in the category of consumption goods. But whatever the uses to which these durable products are put, it is their manufacture which calls for saving. If a new house or a new road is to be built someone must expend labor today in producing the material and erecting the dwelling. The house gives off its uses during the next fifty years. Those who produce materials and build are paid immediately for their services, but someone must wait while its uses are maturing.

Occasionally one meets some pessimistic observer who feels that we are living upon our capital. He either does not understand the nature of the process of capital accumulation or else he confuses the accumulation of capital with its wise investment. Those are two separate questions which must be kept apart if one is to make any progress in analyzing this phase of the nation's activities. During 1923 an amazing amount of our national savings went into automobiles, trucks, and things that minister unto them and their users. About three and one-third billion dollars was spent for the purchase of automobiles and trucks. More than $600,000,000 was spent in building good roads. Over $500,000,000 was put into garages and their equipment and into additions to automobile factories, and an amount much larger than this into new oil development, pipe lines, storage facilities and refineries. A full $5,000,000,000 of the excess of our national production over consumption has gone, therefore, into durable goods which have to do with automobile traffic.

Whether this is good or bad is a question of ideals and judgment; but it does not alter the fact that we produced these things within the year; and having produced them we did not consume them immediately, but added them to our national equipment. The same excess production could have furnished a billion dollars for the financing of loans to Europe and the purchasing of American wheat, meat and machinery for the rehabilitation of European industry. We produced and saved

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the wealth by our industrial activities during the year. It is interesting to speculate as to what would have happened to the rate of interest if this capital, or even half of it, had come to the investment market as a demand for bonds and stocks. The prophecies of low interest rates which prevailed almost universally twenty-five years ago would certainly be much nearer realization today if it were not for this device of transportation which seems to have succeeded in making itself all but a necessity.

After the automobile our building activities are the great absorber of capital. Some of the expenditures connected with the automobile industry, such as garages, refineries, and additions to factories, are themselves of this class. But there still remains some $4,000,000,000 of building which has nothing to do with the automobile. Automobiles and building, then, account directly or indirectly for some $9,000,000,000 of wealth expansion and absorption of capital. Both of these items are largely expenditures for purposes of future consumption and enjoyment.

The other large items which have absorbed our productive activities into durable additions are to be found in additions to our railroads amounting to almost $1,000,000,000, and to $1,250,000,000 of investment in the extension of telegraphs, telephones, electric light and power plants, and other public utilities.

There is another billion dollars to be accounted for in odds and ends. We imported some $300,000,000 of gold. This is again an item of doubtful wisdom, but the automatic workings of international trade have dumped it into our hopper; and the Federal Reserve Board, together with the governors of its banks, are lying awake nights devising means of keeping it from doing harm. The cities and states made other improvements besides those represented by roads and buildings, amounting to several hundred million dollars. The farmer has improved his fences and buildings and increased his stock of implements and hogs. The small business man has enlarged and improved his facilities and his equipment. The stock of various kinds of furniture, including musical instruments, has been augmented. None of these latter items runs into figures at all comparable with those for automobiles and general building; but they account easily for more than $1,000,000,000.

Such is the picture in rough outline of the uses to which the new capital which we have accumulated has been put. Every man may judge for himself as to whether the use was a wise one. But as to the volume of the national savings there can be no question.

The task of tracing the sources of these savings and the process by which they were brought into the hands of those who finally assumed the responsibility for constructing the things which represent them is a more intricate one. A large part of these funds came to the market in payment for securities issued. All told, the Commercial and Financial Chronicle shows new capital issued, exclusive of refunding, of $4,300,000,000. This does not represent all the securities issued; their total must have been over $5,500,000,000.

These funds came in considerable part from the receivers of large incomes. People who have incomes of $25,000 and over get them in considerable measure from interest and dividend payments. But a goodly portion of these savings have come from another source which is playing a constantly growing rôle in the process of capital accumulation. The life insurance companies have collected in premiums this year about $2,000,000,000. They have added to their net assets about $800,000,000. Their payments of death claims and endowments have been large, and these have gone in considerable degree into various sorts of investments.

Much of the capital which has been saved has not been put into stocks and bonds, but has been loaned on real estate mortgages and land contracts. Such a volume of savings as is witnessed this year has undoubtedly resulted in the issue of a tremendous amount of real estate indentures. A large part, too, of the expanding wealth of the nation during 1923 was financed out of profits which were never distributed in dividends. The corporations of the United States made profits for the year of about $8,000,000,000. Of this they will pay $1,000,000,000 to the federal government in corporate income taxes. Their dividend distributions did not exceed $4,000,000,000; this left $3,000,000,000 of corporate surplus for reinvestment. The small business man and the farmer reinvest their savings primarily in their own businesses, either in debt payment or in expansion of plant.

Despite the large volume of securities issued and the demand for funds in the building trades, we have come to the end of 1923 with falling interest rates and easy credit conditions. The volume of bank loans has not expanded greatly during the year and nowhere is there evidence of inflation.

All of these facts go to show that our savings have kept pace with the demand for capital, great as that demand has been. The old notion that high wages and the distribution of a large portion of the national income to the laborer militates against capital accumulation has been disproved during the last few years. The prophets of disaster may continue to leap upon the altar and cry out and stab themselves after the manner of the priests of Baal, but economic process goes its way toward an industrial society in America in which the means of wellbeing will exist for all.

DAVID FRIDAY.

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The Abbé Morellet

TALLEYRAND once remarked that only those who had lived in France before the Revolution had really experienced la douceur de vivre. The Abbé Morellet would have agreed with him. Born in 1727 at Lyons, the son of a small paper merchant, how was it possible, in that age of caste and privilege, that André Morellet should have known anything of life but what was hard, dull, and insignificant? So one might have supposed; but the contrary was the case. Before he was thirty this young man, without either fortune or connections, and without taking very much trouble about it, found himself a member of the most brilliant society in Paris, the close friend of the famous and the great, with a rosy future before him. The secret of it was simple: he had shown that he was intelligent; and in those days a little intelligence went a long way. So, indeed, did a little—a very little—money. A thousand francs from a generous cousin had opened Paris to him, by enabling him to go to the Sorbonne, whence, after five years, he had emerged an Abbé and an infidel. A chance meeting with Diderot did the rest. The great philosophe, forty years of age and at the height of his intellectual power, completely captivated a youth whose eager mind was only waiting for new ideas and new activities. Every Sunday morning the Abbé scaled the stairs to Diderot's lodging, to sit entranced for hours, while the Master poured forth the irresistible floods of his amazing conversation: "J'ai éprouvé peu de plaisirs de l'esprit au-dessus de celui-là," wrote Morellet long afterwards; "et je m'en souviendrai toujours." One can well believe it. The young man listened so intelligently that Diderot soon saw he would do; enrolled him among his disciples; introduced him to all his friends; and set him to write articles for his great Encyclopaedia. La douceur de vivre had begun.

Thirty delightful years followed—years of exciting work, delicious friendship, and ever-growing optimism. The great battle for liberty, tolerance, reason, and humanity was in full swing; the forces of darkness were yielding more and more rapidly; and Morellet was in the forefront of the fight. He wrote with indefatigable zeal. Besides his Encyclopaedia articles, he produced pamphlets in favor of the Protestants, he brought out a Manuel des Inquisiteurs, exposing the methods of the Inquisition, he translated Beccaria's great work. But his principal interest was political economy. A close friend of Turgot, he was one of the earliest believers in free trade. He translated The Wealth of Nations; though the cast of his mind contrasted curiously with Adam Smith's. The Abbé, like most of the philosophes, preferred the a priori mode of argument. The reasons which led him to favor free trade are characteristic. The rights of property, he argued, are fundamental to the very existence of civilized society; now to interfere with the freedom of exchange is to attack one of the rights of property; therefore protection and civilization are incompatible. This extremely complete argument seems to have escaped the notice of Tory Free Traders.

But the Abbé was not merely enlightened and argumentative; he had another quality which was essential in these days if one was to make any figure at all: he was malicious—though only, of course, at the expense of "the enemies of reason." Some particularly biting little fly-sheets of his actually brought a word of praise from the mighty Patriarch of Ferney. "Embrassez pour moi l'Abbé Mords-les," wrote Voltaire in a letter; "je ne connais personne qui soit plus capable de rendre service à la raison." This was a testimonial indeed! Morellet's reputation went up with a bound, and he himself declared that the sentence was all he wanted by way of an epitaph.

Only one thing more was needed to make his success complete; and that a kindly fate provided. Palissot, a protégé of a certain great lady, the Princesse de Robecq, attacked the philosophes in a satirical farce. Morellet, among the rest, replied with a stinging pamphlet; but he was unwise enough to direct some of his sharp remarks, not at Palissot, but at the Princess. This could not be allowed. Madame de Robecq had been the mistress of the Duc de Choiseul, who was all-powerful with Madame de Pompadour and, through her, with the King. A lettre de cachet sent Morellet to the Bastille. One can imagine no more striking example of the corruption and tyranny of the ancien régime—if only the poor Abbé had been treated properly—thrown into an underground dungeon, let us say, loaded with chains, and fed on bread and water. Unfortunately, nothing of the sort occurred. The victim was given a comfortable room, plenty of excellent food, a bottle of wine a day, provided with writing materials, and allowed all the books he asked for, besides being given the run of the Bastille library, which was especially strong in novels. He spent three months in peaceful study; and returned to liberty with the added glory of martyrdom.

Liberty and martyrdom—one hardly knew which was the more pleasant. In Paris one's mornings passed in reading and writing—the quill dashing over the paper with a heavenly speed; and one's afternoons and evenings were spent in company. There were dinners at D'Holbach's; there were

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the nightly gatherings in the little rooms of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse; there were lunches with Madame Geoffrin; and everywhere and always the conversation was copious and audacious to an intoxicating degree. Madame Geoffrin, indeed, insisted upon limits. "Voilà qui est bien!" she used to exclaim, when the talk grew too wild and high. Then the more reckless spirits, headed by D'Alembert, would go out into the Tuileries Gardens, and, sitting under the trees, continue the discourse until the exploded ruins of religions, philosophies, and conventions fell in showers about their ears.

If Paris grew too hot or too noisy, there was always, close at hand, Auteuil. There lived Madame Helvétius, the widow of one of the leading philosophes, in a charming little villa, with a garden and all the simple pleasures of a country life. A curious ménage, highly typical of the nation and the age, was gathered together between those friendly walls. Morellet spent every summer and all his week-ends there; another clever Abbé also had rooms in the house; and so had a younger man, Cabanis, to whom Madame Helvétius was particularly attached. The elements of sentiment and friendship were so perfectly balanced between the four that their harmony and happiness were complete. Year after year the summers waxed and waned in the Auteuil garden, while Morellet lingered there, with peace, wit, kindness, and beauty around him. What was there left to wish for? Well! it would be nice, he sometimes thought, to have a little—a very little—more money. His income—made up of a few pensions and a few legacies—was about £100 a year.

A most pleasant interlude was a visit to England, where Morellet spent several months as the guest of Lord Shelburne. Shelburne was a failure at politics (he was a Prime Minister and a man of intellect—a hazardous combination); but he made an admirable host. Garrick and Franklin were asked down to Bowood to meet the Abbé, and then he was carried off on a driving tour all over England. One day, near Plymouth, there was a picnic on the banks of the Tamar. After the meal, as the company lay on the grass, and the evening fell, three country girls made their appearance; on which the Abbé, offering them a basket of cherries, asked them, in his broken English, for a song. They smiled, and blushed; but sing they did, in unison, with the sweetest voices. The description of the scene in Morellet's Memoirs reads like a page from the Vicar of Wakefield.

Even affluence came at last. The incumbent of a priory, the reversion of which had been given to Morellet by Turgot twenty years before, died, and the Abbé found himself in the possession of a spacious country house, with land, and an income of £600 a year. This was in 1788. In less than a year all was over. The Abbé never lived in his priory. The tempest of the Revolution engulfed both him and it. The rights of property were violated, and the priest was deprived of a sinecure that he was enjoying as a member of a church in which he disbelieved. Morellet's surprised indignation at this catastrophe—his absolute unconsciousness that the whole effort of his life had been in reality directed towards this very goal—makes comic reading—comic, and pathetic too. For still worse was to follow. The happy ménage at Auteuil was broken up. Cabanis and the other Abbé believed in the Revolution; Madame Helvétius agreed with them; and Morellet, finding himself in a minority of one, after a violent scene left the villa forever. His plight was serious; but he weathered the storm. A revolutionary tribunal, before which he was haled, treated him gently, partly because it transpired in the course of the proceedings that he had been a friend of Turgot, "ce bon citoyen;" he was dismissed with a caution. Then, besides saving his own neck, he was able to do a good turn to the Académie Française, of which he was the director. When that body was broken up, the care of its valuable possessions—its papers and its portraits—fell to him. He concealed everything in various hiding-places, from which he drew forth the precious relics in triumph, when the days of order returned.

For they did return; and the Abbé, very old and very tired, found his way, with one or two others, to young Madame de Rémusat's drawing-room. There he sat dozing by the fire, while the talk sped on around him; dozing, and nodding; then suddenly waking up to denounce Monsieur de Chateaubriand and lament the ruin of French prose. He was treated with great respect by everybody; even the First Consul was flattering; even the Emperor was polite, and made him a Senator. Then the Emperor vanished, and a Bourbon ruled once more on the throne of his fathers. With that tenacity of life which seems to have been the portion of the creatures of the eighteenth century, Morellet continued in this world until his ninety-second year. But this world was no longer what it used to be: something had gone wrong. Those agitations, those arrangements and rearrangements, they seemed hardly worth attending to. One might as well doze. All his young friends were very kind certainly, but did they understand? How could they? What had been their experience of life? As for him, ah! *he* had listened to Diderot—used to sit for hours talking in the Tuileries Gardens with D'Alembert and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse—mentioned by Voltaire—spent half a lifetime at Auteuil with dear Madame Helvétius—imprisoned in the Bastille . . . he nodded. Yes! *He* had known la douceur de vivre.

LYTTON STRACHEY.

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The Dalton Plan

THE British are slow to adopt American innovations, especially in matters of the mind. Yet an American scheme of education which is relatively little heard of here is just now taking England by storm. I refer to the Dalton Laboratory Plan, so called because it was first tried out in Dalton, Massachusetts, by Miss Helen Parkhurst who ingeniously combined the principles of Mme. Montessori and Frederick Burk of the California State Normal School.

In three years, the plan has been put into operation in three thousand English schools, and according to Dr. C. W. Kimmins of the University of London, formerly an inspector of the London County Council, and a recent visitor to this country, it is destined to have a profound effect on the whole of British education. Teachers, children and parents are all enthusiastic about it. For years thoughtful teachers in England had been troubled by the insuperable difficulty of providing adequate individual instruction in their large classes. Economic necessity makes it impossible to reduce the size of teaching units, yet the results of modern psychological research and of mental testing show how greatly children differ in their ability and in their capacity to advance at a given rate of speed. In presenting a lesson to a large class, therefore, the teacher realizes that probably a bare third is following the pace she has set, that another third is capable of going faster, but is idly marking time, while the remaining children are straggling hopelessly in the rear. Under the requirements of her superiors, however, she is expected to keep this malassorted group together. By cajoling the quick, lashing the laggards, and holding the mediocre up to the mark, she must manage somehow to get the whole lot through the uniform examinations at the end of the term and into the next grade or form.

How to break up this deadening regimentation without sacrificing the important social values of the class system had appeared an insoluble problem to students of education in England, until Miss Parkhurst's plan was adopted in 1920 by Rosa Bassett of the Girls' Secondary School at Streatham. The success of the experiment was almost incredible. It excited the interest of educators throughout England, and thousands of persons visited Streatham to see the school in operation. Within a year hundreds of schools were making preparations for the adoption of the plan. It is now widely used in all sorts of English schools and colleges, primary and secondary schools, army and trade schools, manual training and normal schools. A flourishing Dalton society has been organized in London. Interest in the plan has spread to other countries, and it is being tried out in some of the schools of Russia, Germany, Austria, Scandinavia, India, China, Japan, South Africa and Australia. In America the Dalton methods are now applied in three or four hundred schools.

The Old Guard critics of everything modern in education will doubtless see in the rapid extension of the Dalton plan merely another indication that the schools are dominated by the whims of fashion. Those who know teachers and understand their problems will not content themselves with so easy an explanation. Almost all teachers are painfully alive to their duty to instruct efficiently the children under their charge. A large proportion of them suffer chronically under a sense of failure. Teaching in such large classes as are inevitable in the modern public school produces results that no one regards as satisfactory. Education is one field in which the methods of mass production are disastrous. And the merit by which the Dalton plan has recommended itself is its bold abandonment of the methods of mass production.

Under the plan, the classroom recitation is abolished. Except for certain group activities, the children work entirely as individuals, and each child is set free to cover the required ground at whatever hours and at whatever pace seems best to him. Mimeographed sheets containing the work to be done in all subjects for a month are given each pupil and he assumes the entire responsibility for completing the assignment within the time specified if possible. As soon as he has completed one assignment he is permitted to go on with the next month's "job." He is neither hurried because some other pupils finish their assignments more quickly, nor held back because some work at a slower pace.

Instead of the classroom the Dalton school has work-shops, or as Miss Parkhurst prefers to call them, "laboratories," each fully equipped for a special subject. Maps, pictures and globes, the sand table and other necessary equipment are collected in the geography laboratory, and in an adjoining room, if possible, are placed the books, charts and apparatus commonly used for the study of history.

Each laboratory has its own teacher, a specialist whenever available, whose function is to answer questions, make suggestions and exercise a necessary oversight of the work done. It is no part of the teacher's task to hold the pupils up to the performance of a given lesson, to cram knowledge into their heads whether they will or no. The Dalton plan stakes all its hopes on the wish and the will to learn of the children themselves.

This is the radical kernel in the Dalton plan. It appears almost revolutionary when one considers how educators through the ages have worked on the assumption that the child's will is an ob-

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stacle to be overcome by coercion—by threats, blows, bad marks, public disgrace—or by the cajolery of rewards or artificial interest created by applying the art of salesmanship to the teacher's wares. Only sporadically has any effort been definitely made to enlist the child's will as an active force in the learning process. Yet everyone knows that outside the schoolroom the children are eager for new experiences, and go straightforwardly about the business of getting them. The initiative is there, but it can find no expression in the artificial atmosphere of the classroom with its system of bells, uniform periods and mechanical shifting from one task to another.

The Dalton plan is revolutionary as to method alone, not as to the content or aim of instruction. If the object of education is ability to write a letter in good English and execute arithmetical computations correctly, the Dalton method answers. It also answers if the object of education is conceived more broadly. Cultivation of individual initiative facilitates the execution of any task. This conservatism, or neutrality, in matter of content and aim seems to account in some measure at least for the widespread popularity of the plan. Old fashioned schoolmen and parents might object seriously to the substitution of newer material for the traditional subjects. They have no reason to object to a method by which the traditional subjects are learned more quickly and thoroughly.

The progressive leaders of the movement recognize that it does not in itself meet the objections to the accepted curriculum. But a curriculum, as Miss Parkhurst says, "is dead without the live motive power of the child." She is therefore more interested in developing that motive power than in questions pertaining to the curriculum. The first task as she sees it is to have "the ground made ready for the seed." This may quiet doubts about the ultimate tendency of the plan, but it does not wholly eradicate them. In a Dalton school, a child may cover with the utmost energy and eagerness all the ground required in arithmetic, but formal arithmetical problems, papering a mythical room for example, or computing imaginary profits and losses, may be the last thing he should be worrying his head about at that particular time. Unless the curriculum is carefully adjusted to the child's needs, the plan might become the emptiest of cramming processes with the premium put on the mere amassing of information. It is reported that under the Dalton plan, as one teacher puts it, "the surplus energy of the reprobate having lost its usual means of expression, is now absorbed in the game of passing grades." The game of passing grades is no doubt a more useful one than many others and less trying to the observer. But that peace for the teacher is purchased at a heavy price if the children become so absorbed in this game as to lose their spontaneity of preference among subjects and activities. After all the restiveness of the children under the traditional method of instruction was an important force making for progress in the content as well as methods of instruction.

The Dalton plan may represent a long step in advance if it is not taken too complacently. Many schools which hesitate to initiate sweeping changes, may by beginning with the Dalton plan, fall into the way of genuine educational reform. Assignments in textbooks may be supplemented by work in science laboratories, work-shops, art studios, and music rooms, as is done in the Children's University School in New York City under Miss Parkhurst's personal direction. A correlation may be made between academic and hand work, as in the Manhattan Trade School for Girls. Here the pupils in the process of learning their several trades, dressmaking, millinery, novelty making, and machine operating, have their academic work presented to them in terms of their actual work in the trade course. Arithmetic required in the cutting room is studied in the arithmetic laboratory and bears a direct relation to the work on which the girl is engaged.

The Dalton plan is plainly not a fad, a passing fashion which will be forgotten in a brief decade. In substituting individual for mass instruction, the pupil's initiative for the teacher's coercion, it has taken a position from which it cannot be expelled. But if its results are to be really significant, it must associate itself with reform that goes beyond method. It must know the nature of the child and the laws of his development as the best psychology is only now coming to know them.

AGNES DE LIMA.

Crest

This starbreak is celestial air
Just silver; earthlight, dying amber;
Underneath an arch of pallor,
Summer keeps her brightened chamber.

Bright beauty of the risen dust,
And deep flood-mark of beauty pressed
Up from earth in lovely flower,
High against my lonely breast;

Thou rhythm like the changing moon's,—
The catch to which the waters play,
That as they kiss moon-silver sink—
As soon to spurn the baffled clay!

Only before the waters fall,
Is Paradise shore for gaining now:
The grasses drink the berry-bright dew,
The small fruits jewel all the bough.

Heartbreaking summer beyond taste,
Ripeness and frost are soon to know;
But might such color hold the west,
And time, and time, be honey-slow!

LÉONIE ADAMS.

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Coolidge's Corner

LEAVING out of consideration such results as may accrue from the oil scandal, the political situation in the country as viewed from the national capital is dominated by a single circumstance: Washington has discovered President Coolidge. Over against that fact you must set the other, that it never did discover Vice-President Coolidge. Such being the case the politically astute are now accustomed to marvel at a sudden, complete, incredible transformation and to talk about it hours on end.

Of course Calvin Coolidge has not changed, never did change and never will. He has grown, he is growing and he will grow some more, but, if I may use the figure, he is still the same kind of a tree that was first set out on the Vermont farm and then transplanted to the only slightly more fertile soil of Massachusetts. And the great strength and the appealing charm of Calvin Coolidge lie precisely in this circumstance, that he has the courage and the good sense to operate within his own personality.

What has happened is that by courage, consistency and pretty clear thinking Mr. Coolidge has succeeded in making a picture of himself for a country which is excessively weary of vague outlines and blurred sketches. This country may want a conservative, it may desire to have as President a man who fairly accurately expresses the East from Portland, Me., to Baltimore, Md. It may be a conservative country verging on reaction. If it wants that thing, if it is that kind of country, then there is absolutely no one in the United States who can conceivably oppose Mr. Coolidge.

In a very few months and with an amazing thrift of motion, Mr. Coolidge has drawn to himself all the people of one kind in the country. He hasn't done it by tricks, he hasn't done it by eloquence, he hasn't done it by assuming to be what he was not or trying to be what he never had been. Nothing of the sort. He has calculated that the nation is, taken as a whole, a conservative nation. He has calculated that, all things considered, he as a conservative is best qualified to give the country what it wants.

Now see the enormous gain for clarity. The Republican party, like the Democratic, is mostly a study in opportunism. Nothing prevents it from sliding toward the right or slipping toward the left. A good candidate would almost inevitably decide for his party the inflection of its platform. Mr. Coolidge being a candidate has decided absolutely the direction of his party's pathway and his party is so happy to have the decision made that already all the other kinds of candidates have not only lost ground, they have disappeared.

Between now and nomination, which is assured, between then and election, which some people believe is settled, Mr. Coolidge is going to continue to be just what he is, what he was as Mayor, Governor, and now President. He has told his party that it is conservative—and it has agreed with cheers, he is telling the country that it is conservative and, at the least there is much cheering.

To define Coolidge I think you might say he is a Cleveland Republican, that is his appearance as a candidate enlists a very large number of people for whom habitual partisan affiliations seem less important than the support of a man who expresses so many of their non-partisan convictions. If you are a conservative it is palpably true that there isn't any Democrat who could possibly express your fundamental convictions as Coolidge can. All the rest are so far behind that the appeal of party just doesn't come into the matter.

There is no accident about Mr. Coolidge in his present incarnation and I doubt if there ever was. In the Roosevelt sense he has no personality. In the Wilson sense he has no imagination. He cannot dramatize the Ten Commandments and he cannot provide a new constitution for an old world. But he can apply the Ten Commandments and the existing Constitution. And he does believe this is a country which prefers economic security at five percent to political salvation with a deficit.

Wilson and Roosevelt conducted their whole political lives on the theory that the ordinary man was excessively extraordinary and that being extraordinary, themselves, they were the real spokesmen of the masses. Mr. Coolidge believes the ordinary man is ordinary, that he is, himself, extraordinary only in the degree to which he possesses ordinary human qualities, and he addresses himself to his fellow men as he sees them, basing his views upon the way he sees himself.

Now the past three months have demonstrated that no one in Mr. Coolidge's camp can defeat him. He has collected all the people of his sort in the Republican party and they are all for him. Moreover they are enough for purposes of nomination. More than that he has collected a lot of the people of his mind in the Democratic party. And obviously this means something on election day.

In thus nominating himself he has determined the character of the Democratic nominee. There isn't another conservative in either party who need apply to either convention. The Democrats have now to nominate a liberal or simply mark time in place. And Calvin Coolidge bets, stakes his job and his judgment on the estimate that this is a conservative country and that as the best conservative in the business he can beat any Democratic conservative

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and as a conservative he can beat any radical.

If he is wrong, if this is not a conservative country he loses. But he loses with dignity, with credit —and there is the Grover Cleveland precedent to suggest that what might not be possible in 1924 would be in 1928. If he is defeated the misfortune will be his party's but no discredit can attach to him. Even his enemies say, quite frankly, "We are against Coolidge because we are against his views, but, as a man, we admire Coolidge, because he comes out squarely and says where he stands."

Somewhere outside of Boston, at least vaguely in the direction of Brookline, as I recall it, there used to be an intersection of many roads and carlines. It was called then Coolidge's Corner. What it is called now I do not know, but Coolidge's Corner is where Sixteenth Street would meet Pennsylvania Avenue, if old Andrew Jackson would only permit it. And all roads and surface lines, politically speaking, meet there. And, in the larger sense it is Washington itself which is now Coolidge's Corner.

One last detail, worth thinking about at odd moments. If Calvin Coolidge is right now, either the late Colonel Roosevelt was wrong once, or it is quite a different country from the one he knew. Mr. Coolidge has not merely discarded the Roosevelt theory, he never accepted it. He is betting that the United States Colonel Roosevelt once filled does not exist and never did exist. He is calculating that there never was a Middle West or for that matter a Far West, that there is only one kind of American, that the supreme American virtue is thrift, that there are only two kinds of partisans, Republican conservatives and Democratic conservatives and that both are conservatives before they are partisans.

Poor President Harding used to talk about normalcy, just as Stanley Baldwin talked in England about tranquillity. With both of them it was a fashion of speaking, but Calvin Coolidge is normalcy and tranquillity all in one, and he reckons, calculates, allows, everything that any American does in that line, that what he is, the country wants. There is a magnificent simplicity about it—and—he may be right. FRANK H. SIMONDS.

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Red Man's Burden"

SIR: Our attention has been called to A Communication in your issue of December 26, signed, Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant.

As representing one of the organizations whose motives and acts are misrepresented in the article, may I ask you to print the following:

The Eastern Association on Indian Affairs, like the New Mexico Association, is primarily interested in the welfare of the Pueblo Indians. It is not true of either organization that the white settlers' claims are our first interest. We are seeking now as we did a year ago, a just and equitable solution of a complicated land title situation.

As your readers may or may not know, we went to Washington last winter to support a bill which we hoped to substitute for the unjust Bursum bill. We were not successful. The outcome of the public hearings before Congress was a compromise, known as the Lenroot Substitute. The Lenroot Substitute did not pass the House. This year, with the Lenroot bill as a starting point, we shall try to get proper compensation for the Pueblos for their losses, due to the long neglect of Congress and the indifference of the American people.

I enclose a copy of the Bulletin to which Miss Sergeant refers. It was written in collaboration with our attorney and has our full endorsement. As you will note, our conclusions are based on decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States—not "territorial courts," as Miss Sergeant declares.

Miss Sergeant says that her society, the Indian Defense Association, is to ask Congress for a commission which will confer "with the Pueblos for the voluntary surrender of such Indians claims as are not necessary for the communal integrity." We hope this is not true. Only extreme ignorance of the ways of unscrupulous white men in Indian territories would provide such a broad and easy road for "the white steam roller."

AMELIA E. WHITE,
Secretary.

New York City.

SIR: In the communication from Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant in your issue of December 26, she pleads for an "unsentimental study of the facts." There are several facts she fails to state and many which she states inaccurately. For instance, in paragraph 3 she says that settlers of one kind or another "have obtained some sort of claim to considerable portions of these Indian lands guaranteed under treaty and by act of Congress to our Pueblo wards." As a matter of fact many of the claims against the Pueblos originated in Spanish or Mexican grants made prior to 1848, and these grants, although within the exterior boundaries of the Pueblo grants, were confirmed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, as were the Pueblo grants.

Later, when Congress "confirmed" the grants, they merely stated that the confirmation was a quit claim as against the United States. In other words, the patents to the Pueblos stated that the United States government did not claim any of the lands described, but in no way settled title to lands then, or previously in dispute.

Miss Sergeant further states that "the Pueblos are wards—so declared by the Supreme Court in 1913—." Actually the Supreme Court held in the Sandoval decision in 1913, that Congress had the right to legislate prohibiting the introduction of liquor into Pueblo country. Since 1913 Congress has legislated drastically about liquor, but in so doing it has not made us all wards.

In regard to the plan of "voluntary relinquishment" of lands by the Pueblos, this is a point in regard to which I should like to speak from personal experiences.

On August 25, 1923, representatives of the American Indian Defense Association and of the General Federation of Women's Clubs called an inter-Pueblo council at Santo Domingo, and there presented a paper for the consideration and signature of the Indians. All the Indians present signed the document, thereby agreeing, among other things, to relinquish claim to all town sites. The morning after that council, Juan Abiela, then governor of the pueblos of Sandia who had been present at the council and has signed the declaration, came to my house in Santa Fe and brought with him a copy of a Spanish deed, "We want this land back," he said, meaning the land described in the deed. I had the deed translated and found it to be a copy of the deed given by the Sandia Indians to the town of Bernalillo in 1828. Thus proving Juan, at least, had not grasped the meaning of the paper he signed and showing he did not mean to relinquish anything.

Later in the day the governor of Acoma, his interpreter Frank Ortiz, and one of his "principales" came to me. I asked them, then, "What was in that paper you signed yesterday?" And

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Frank Ortiz, drawing with his finger in the sand of the garden walk, said, "This our grant. There is a Mexican up in this corner of our grant. That paper say we want him off."

I know of other instances of this same nature, but as they did not come within my experience I will not introduce them.

Let me hasten to exonerate the Indians, absolutely and entirely. They acted honestly as far as they intelligently grasped the situation.

Furthermore how can such a plan of voluntary relinquishment be carried out? How can the Pueblos relinquish land until they have proved title to it? They cannot relinquish something that they do not possess. And to lead them to believe that they have title before a court or commission has given it to them might be construed to be an abuse of their confidence.

MARGARET MCKITTRICK,
Chairman, New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs.

Santa Fé.

SIR: References made in your article, The Red Man's Burden, by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant to the part played by Miss Ruth Muskrat and myself in the recent Washington conference on Indian Affairs, have caused me some astonishment and a good deal of amusement. It would be interesting to know whether the rest of her article, which you printed in the January 16 issue, is as lacking in accurate foundation.

Miss Sergeant refers to my having "just sent a memorial to every Congressman asking the complete suppression of Pueblo dances by the government, on grounds of immorality."

Where she secured this bit of misinformation I cannot imagine. I have never written nor even remotely contemplated writing such a document. Contrary to the general impression of the public, reinforced by much publicity in the newspapers and magazines, those who know and love the Indian people of America are far less concerned with the question of ceremonial dances than they are with the really vital matters of health, sanitation, education, land policy and citizenship, any one of which topics would certainly take precedence over the dances in any "memorializing" I might do.

Miss Sergeant refers to Miss Muskrat's presentation to the President of the book, The Red Man in the United States, as a "piece of politics frankly put over by one wing of the committee on the rest" at the reception given by President Coolidge to the Committee of One Hundred. If it is possible to correct in a letter the unfortunate and wholly untrue impression which this statement must have left in the minds of New Republic readers, I would like to do so.

The plan for the presentation of the book was made by its compilers, the Institute of Social and Religious Research, quite independently of any meeting of the Committee of One Hundred. In fact the book was originally to have been presented to President Harding whose likeness appears on its jacket, at a private audience shortly before his trip West. Owing to illness in the family of the Indian woman who was making the beaded cover for the presentation copy, however, the visit to Washington was postponed.

The audience with President Coolidge was also arranged by the compilers as a private interview between Miss Muskrat and the Executive. No official connection between the presentation and the sessions of the Committee were contemplated by the book's compilers, and the presence of the Committee members at the time was purely a matter of accident, and a complete surprise both to Miss Muskrat (who, by the way, has never claimed to be an "Indian Princess") and to myself.

I am sure that the New Republic will in fairness wish to correct these inaccuracies which Miss Sergeant allowed inadvertently, I assume, to slip into her article.

EDITH MANVILLE DABB,
Director, Indian Department National Board, Young Women's Christian Associations.

New York City.

A Reply from Miss Sergeant

SIR: The technical problems of Pueblo relief are primarily matters of law to be considered by lawyers and congressional committees; for this reason I do not attempt a lengthy analysis of such problems here in answer to Miss McKittrick's communication. Miss White writes that I have misrepresented the Eastern Association on Indian Affairs in saying that it approaches the legal problem primarily from the point of view of the non-Indian. That I have not misrepresented is, I think, clear from the following quotation from a legal commentary by Mr. Roberts Walker, counsel for this society, sent by him to one of the attorneys of the American Indian Defense Association:

> What these New York gentlemen fail to comprehend is this: last year the case looked like a raid on Indian territory no matter by whom occupied. . . .
>
> Last year we feared a scheme to give these old grants a new and dangerous respectability and vigor, to the infinite harm of Indians and non-Indians.
>
> Hence, the justification for strong language. Hence the reason for pleading the guardian-ward theory as hard as possible. *We expected to save non-Indian titles by safeguarding the Indians.*
>
> But today these old grants are out of the picture. . . . The guardian-ward theory is now harder to establish. The thing needed is to get a fair neighborly law.

The italics are mine. The Eastern Association and the New Mexico Association on Indian Affairs both now apparently repudiate the guardian-ward theory accepted last year by all the Indian Associations engaged in Pueblo defence as central and essential to the maintenance of the rights of the Indians against encroachment on their lands. This point of view, to which the American Indian Defense Association adheres, is recorded in the Blue Book published by the New Mexico Association in 1922 and in the Record of the Congressional hearings on the various Pueblo bills before the Public Lands Committee in 1923.

The position of the American Indian Defense Association is further that the Pueblos have undeniably the most immediate interest in this land question; and that it is only fair and sensible to consult them in the course of its solution. The very crux of the Indian problem is this: Are we to tell the Indian what we think good for him; or are we as the Indian's attorneys and friends to consult with him as we would with any other friends and clients? The Pueblos were consulted individually and in the Inter-Pueblo Council held on August 5, 1923, and have been consulted since, and will continue to be consulted. I observe that Miss McKittrick, referring to that meeting, makes one statement so inaccurate that I cannot let it go uncorrected. No paper was presented for signature to the Indians at that meeting and none was signed. A resolution was passed, of which I enclose a copy; it was neither an agreement nor a relinquishment.

Even non-Indians have failed wholly to grasp the intricate question of the Pueblo land problem, and it seems to me quite possible that the Indians do not. But I do not believe this releases us from the duty of ascertaining their desires so far as possible.

My impression is that the Pueblos have a very clear idea of their fundamental land rights. I remember sitting on the cliffs above Santa Clara with old Santiago, the Governor, during my first trip to New Mexico four years ago. "Tell us a legend of your people," I begged in the interests of aesthetics. "Bueno," said the old man doubtfully. Slowly he began to trace with a stick on the ground a sort of diagram. This turned out to be a map of the Pueblo grant.

"Here Mexican," said Santiago pointing. "There, white man; there, Mexican. White man take this. Mexican take that. Pretty soon if this go on, poor Indian he have nothing left. I not know what Indian he going to do."

If the solution of this problem is not to be worked out through Indian consent, then the Indians should at least be allowed to correct by action in the courts injustices of the white man's attempted solution. I am informed that negotiations looking toward a committee substitute for the Lenroot Substitute as now introduced by Senator Bursum, are pending, from which I hope will emerge a project with which all can agree.

Miss Dabb's letter explains itself. Compilers who are able to advertise a book through a group of a committee of national importance are to be commended for originality. I gladly exonerate Miss Dabb. As to the dance memorial, it was cited at the meeting of the Committee of One Hundred, and my information as to Miss Dabb's connection with it came from a member of the Committee. Miss Dabb's communications to the New York press against Indian dances have been frequent and strong during the last year, but her denial as to her connection with the memorial is, of course, final.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

New York City.

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Fashion

Fashion, by Anna Cora Mowatt. Songs of the period, arranged by Brian Hooker and Deems Taylor. Provincetown Theatre, February 3, 1924.

THE stage contribution of Fashion as they are doing it at the Provincetown Theatre is of wit and happiness.

These qualities may, if you like, be common enough on the strictly popular stage, the happiness at least, though my own experience has not found it often so. Such stages seem to me to abound in hard labor and a rowdy race with boredom; their pressure and pulse even when they rise to the station of Mr. George M. Cohan's performances, is fairly low. It shows something that is neither peasant nor aristocratic but rather a lower middle-class jolly sentimentality and amiable, absorbed egotism. In vaudeville you can see now and then among the talents the sense of joy, but such a joy must come from high hearts or from abounding vigor or from a lively mind; for the most part the atmosphere strains with an effect at expense, pushing, forcing, and a pathetic effort among the performers at something that is really outside their desires. In our more serious performances we get over and over again a mere bourgeois gray energy and intention. In Loyalties, for example, what a show of middle-class false profundity and complacency of spirit, what a lack of abundance and delight, however tragic and problematic! Or there is a burden of vast outlay, as in The Miracle, for example, where multiplication leads the way, as if, as Cicero wrote of Accius's spectacle, anyone cares about seeing six hundred mules in Clytemnestra—quid enim delectationis habent sescenti mule in Clytemnestra!

This performance at the Provincetown has joy and brains and, though not always convincingly professional, it cries aloud that theatre is theatre. The art of the theatre rises out of life but repeats the thing it uses, restating it in what is also alive in its own kind but different. The first necessity in the theatre—whatever depths and heights are sought or may come afterward—is theatricality, theatricality in acting, in production, in the whole tone of the occasion.

This comedy as we get it at the Provincetown is not historical et cetera et cetera; it is not history seen bona fide at all but in a mist of happy wit and sophisticated enjoyment of the ways of art and life. And it is from start to finish lighted with the instinct for theatricality, not with the efficient Globe-Wernicke adequacy of the ordinary theatre producing but with high spirits, courage and delight, for its own private invigoration and its own private style and happiness and its own sense of beauty and of charm.

In Anna Cora Mowatt's Fashion Mrs. Tiffany is a woman smitten with the smart world and the tone of France. Her husband might be an honest American if he were not driven to forgeries by his wife's extravagances. The daughter meanwhile is to be sacrificed to Snobson, the clerk in whose power her poor father is. There is the Count Jolimaitre, an imposter you will see when the French maid exposes him and turns him back to cooking. And there is Gertrude the secretary or whatever she is, a useful, true creature. Adam Trueman appears, an old friend of the Mr. Tiffany and a man of the soil, wealthy, sound, brave and ethical. Colonel Howard loves Gertrude; the poet attends the daughter. Things end well, with the right observations on morality, the home, American native worth and the follies of fashion.

In its own day Fashion, in 1845, was hailed as a bold realism and by many as a fine play. Poe, as you may see in the program, said that compared with the generality of modern drama Fashion was a good play, compared to most American drama it was a very good play, judged by the natural principles of dramatic art it was wholly unworthy of notice. As for me I prefer Fashion to Seventh Heaven, it is less puerile and more agreeably absurd; or to many another Broadway piece, Fashion has after all a social point of view and a hint of manners in its comedy.

The settings, the costumes, the footlights and furniture for Fashion are deliciously and slyly argued into our moods; they are among the happiest things in town. The performance is good but falls short in equality of attitude toward the play and in technical precision; the actors guy the play too much. The wit of the interpretation must lie essentially in the perspective, not in too bright a wink from the actors who bring the old piece to us. The actors' attack needs to work toward a somewhat slower and more observant approach to the sentiment of the moment. Already at times they are able to show us what they feel about the truth or falsity of the emotion set down for them and to give us the quiet swift comparison that is the source of all wit. But not always is this achieved and rarely for a whole scene; and it can be achieved, even after a unity of idea is established among the players, only by more and more technical security.

Miss Mary Morris in the maiden Gertrude's dove-like rôle did charming work and kept her faith with virtuous sentiment and duty and the sweet songs of birdie and love that she had to do, and the fair blameless soul. Miss Freeman, especially in her first scene, was good as the spoiled daughter; Miss Mary Blair got a good old-style staginess into the French maid. Mr. Howlett's Count was in the right tradition, the vocal end of it very right indeed, though more amiably played no doubt than the loyal author meant. Mr. Perry Ivin with Adam Trueman is close to a really fine performance; he is amusing, sturdily platitudinous and deep; what Mr. Ivin needs to work for now is a steadier inhabitance of the part; if he can do that and find the technical means of showing such virtue its own image for us, he will be admirable. Mr. Abel gets and keeps throughout his performance the noble dullness of Colonel Howard and the solemnities of military honor and manly love; he assures us that no standards could be higher than these of the Colonel's and no love more blameless than that which he and Gertrude are about to solemnize. Miss Clare Eames's attack on the rôle is too hard at times and needs an easier gradation from moment to moment. But she brings her very real theatricality to the whole evening. She gives us a sense of wit and prancing spirits and friendly impishness. She lights and braces and makes more distinguished the entire performance of the play. Mr. Charles Ellis has such a part as he has never tried before, something softer and less acrid. And he brings to this Byronic lollipop of T. Tennyson Twinkle, the poet, a very real talent; his playing of the rôle is charming, relaxed, well graded and well in hand; I know exactly, too, what Mr. Ellis thinks of the poet and of Cora Anna Mowatt and her play, but I don't know quite how I know it, and that is how it should be in the art of acting.

STARK YOUNG.

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The Recreating of the Individual

The Recreating of the Individual, by Beatrice M. Hinkle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.00.

THERE are works like Newton's Principia or Einstein's Relativity Theory, which when duly verified by experience seem to convince the competent of their essential and precise validity. There are, however, other works like Darwin's Origin of Species and the writings of Freud, which despite their widely recognized importance, produce no similar conviction. They are at best more or less plausible, and they can get no further than that. They very plausibly explain some facts, less plausibly some others, and for a large part of the facts their plausibility is matter of faith based upon the success obtained elsewhere. None the less the authors are justified in pushing their theories further than these seem fairly capable of going. A man who has to organize a large new territory must have a trunk road running through it, and if sometimes the connection of distant parts is more a truth of the map than of the actual ground, the original projector may be excused for maintaining his faith even when concrete achievement lags behind.

In Darwin's case the acceptance of his selection theory led to immense activity in fresh description and assimilation of facts over an endless field. At first these descriptions were prejudiced. The adherents of the doctrine, as usual more doctrinaire than the creator of it, tended to see nature designed as the theory required it to be. But gradually the theory exhausted its primary usefulness. Natural selection in order to explain all the facts was stretched so thin as to become almost meaningless, and biologists turned with relief to Mendel and experimental variation. In time, what is valid in Darwinism will get its meaning from these more verifiable and disciplinable fields, but for the moment, its importance is secondary.

The Freudian case, so far as theory is concerned, is, I believe, similar, though the stage is less advanced. Freud's single track scheme broke through the jungle of psychological and psychopathological facts and began to bring some order into the bewildering mess of sex and repression, but in following out the numerous clues that led hither and yon, the theory itself became an all but bewildering mess. Dr. Hinkle gives in illustration the case of the anal erotic, whose abundant and varied output would shame Aladdin's djinn. Freud and his strict disciples stick to the original, simple plan of penetration, as the only valid one, but to other people this seems rather futile and encumbering. The adversary points out the weaknesses and then condemns the theory in toto, but more reasonable persons may take another way. The truth is, I think, that excessive scientific precision in these matters where the perception of fact is itself dependent on tact and adaptable judgment, is stultifying.

Psycho-analysis is a method—that is, it is a system of practice. It has led to certain theories, but these theories are necessarily vague. Just as Darwin had to deal with variations without knowing what they were except descriptively, so Freud has to deal with attention, emotion, memory, imagery, sex, and a number of other psychological entities without knowing what they are. Some day this knowledge may come through a scientific psychology, but at present scientific psychology is a set of schemata in which their authors have great faith but which they can do little to fill with real content, and a large number of fairly exact and useful measurements where it is difficult to say exactly what is being measured. It will be a long time before scientific psychology has gone far enough to meet and circumstantially explicate the psycho-analytical material. Therefore its relation to the subject is little more than schematic and academic. On the other hand, psycho-analysis, unlike natural selection, is an exceedingly practical matter, and anything that helps the practice to become more efficient is important. What is needed is not prolonged dispute on theories that nobody really understands, and cannot understand till emotions, images, memory, eros, and a lot of other things are so far made intelligible that men may come to agree about them; but the need is rather for richer and more varied and more flexible, while still exact enough description and grouping of the phenomena. That Dr. Hinkle has done just this, and has done it freshly, humanely, and generously, makes her book worthy and admirable.

Dr. Hinkle's merit is that she is more interested in her material than in her doctrines. She has the work of Freud, of Jung, and of Adler as a basis, and twenty years' experienced observation to build it out with. One is struck throughout by the sanity of purpose and of treatment. Dr. Hinkle accepts the descriptive fact that the human trend is toward developed individuality, that psycho-analysis is a method efficiently directed to furthering this trend, and she believes this end to be desirable. The book is a fluent summary of materials, methods and results.

In every chapter there is matter that has freshness and interest even where there is no positive novelty. In regard to the sexuality of the child, Dr. Hinkle takes the commonsense position that what *expresses* itself in sexuality, is not necessarily the *product* of sexuality, and that Freud errs because he approaches the child through sexuality, instead of approaching infantile sexuality through the child. This is reasonable, and she insists that the character types (which are specially studied in the second part of the book) will indicate the child's bias towards matters sexual as towards other things. Her account in the same chapter, of the child-and-parent conflict is concrete, fresh, alive. To be human, to be a woman, a mother, and also a doctor, is an advantage for the descriptive analyst.

The second chapter deals with the unconscious. Here Dr. Hinkle takes the standpoint of Jung. What I have written in comment on this matter would unfortunately fill the rest of my available space, and so I must leave it out. But in sum, I think that description of the phenomena of the unconscious would be more palatable if it was made in terms of the *known* and *unknown,* (known and unknown under varied conditions) and if a behavioristic attitude were taken, provided that ideas, feelings, emotions, and images were recognized, but were taken as mere *fact known from the outside*, and not as though known from within the process. They constitute our behavior as introspectively known, and require interpretation exactly as any other observed events. The introspector is not in the position of the movie operator but of the audience. What he perceives is not a "conscious process" but a "conscious prosession" which issues from an unconscious or non-conscious process. The importance of Freud as a behaviorist is that he consistently regarded introspection as a collector of material and not as a discoverer of meanings. *The Unconscious* treated as though it were a reservoir of these materials, is of doubtful value. The archaic thought, for instance, which Dr. Hinkle stresses, is *our* archaic thought and made up of the material of *our* experience and not

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of that of our ancestors. At least this is so in every case that is mentioned.

These remarks on the unconscious ignore what is important in Dr. Hinkle's chapter. Here, as elsewhere in her book, it is the freshness that appeals to me. One feels that the things she speaks of actually happened, that the people actually lived, and that what occurred was vital to them. Though she discusses theories and schemata, her tone is never theoretic or schematic. To one who reads much psycho-analytic literature, this means a great deal. One is always gorged with human material which has come to be strangely dehumanized. Dr. Hinkle has tact in the choice of her material, and discretion in its presentation. Her enough is a feast, and not an autopsy.

The chapters of the second part deal mostly with character types, including a chapter on masculine and feminine psychology. Some people object to description of types because it cannot be rigorous, but I do not find this reasonable. The most important thing I learned in college,—it was from William James—was that classification is teleological. The only person that need concern himself with any classification is the person that wants to use it. If it is good for him it is good enough. One should not look for greater precision than can be obtained on the given level, unless one can do relevant work at the other level. Dr. Hinkle's types I can recognize and apply. I find my own portrait and that of others. Of course since I have no occasion for extended practice I have not applied the scheme largely, nor do I know to what extent types are invariable. Perhaps the material for this will only be amply available when life histories will have been closely studied.

Some books, says Bacon, are to be chewed and digested. This seems to me one of them. Psycho-analysis is a practical subject and is important only in so far as it works; not in so far as it might work, but as it does actually work. Dr. Hinkle's book will work if it is given a chance, for it is reasonable in its theories, concrete in its experience, and humane in its purpose.

LEO STEIN.

Alfred Kreymborg

Less Lonely, by Alfred Kreymborg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

WALTER CONRAD ARENSBERG wished the motto of the first Others anthology to read: "The old expressions are with us always, but there are always others." But Alfred Kreymborg changed the conjunction, and set the last clause running: *"and* there are always others;" thus early demonstrating his relationship to the poetic forms of the past. There never was, not even in the first hour of self-assertion, when his own subtle, acidulous and coquettish note seemed most strange and disequilibrating, any sentiment of conflict between the moderns and the classics in the mind of the poet of Mushrooms. The field of poetry for Kreymborg was no needle-point upon which one angel only might dance at a time; necessitating by its minuteness a state of rivalry, a movement of displacement and succession, between the older and the newer forms. The new day might summon a music tarter and more elusive than any which the past had seen emerge. Nevertheless, the house of Phoebus had many chambers for this new poet; and all examples of good song were equally alive. All veritable lyric forms existed beneficently side by side, affirming, illuminating, appreciating instead of warring on each other's virtues. And the reverence for the utterances of the great men of the past, and the established grandeurs of human life expressed in the motto of Others and in the poetic homage to Bach and to Whitman, to Cézanne and Schubert, was genuine in Kreymborg. It was never to be questioned. Beside these possibly deliberate expressions of comprehension of values, there exists an undeliberate expression perfectly capable of bearing forceful witness to the fact that a living culture spread its firmament deep above the roofs of Kreymborg's adobe huts. The crisp verbal minuets precise in tempo, conceit, and metaphor; the poetry itself demonstrates its presence.

Dainty, stiff, and minuscule, Mushrooms and Blood of Things positively affirm ultimate human values. Their matrix may lie in the infantine state of being general in the community and usually productive of boastful and rhetorical exhibition: enormous louds and fasts and larges: smears of softs; brutalities and self-pitifulnesses. For Yankee prudence and Yankee niggardliness with feeling have made it almost impossible for folk this side the billow to plant the foot solidly in an experience. The bosom finds itself instinctively playing safe, and compensatory acts in all mediums develop. But Kreymborg remains perfectly faithful to the terms of the miniature universal experience. He perceives the watery state of passion in himself without application of any protective coloration. Music and language, fancies and metaphors are homogeneous in his expressions and true to his experience. No note is forced. The music remains discreet, light, low, free of overemphasis, almost conversational in its reticence. Its very key symbolizes matters small in scale and not eternally serious; and balances exquisitely between pathos and humor. The contradictions of life are in it as neat little counterbobs and balancement; the eternal dialogue of tiny head and heart, of porcelain him and her. Manikin and Minnikin, small positive infantine egos, throw stony imperatives and categorical refusals at one another inside measures that trip and pirouette. Often, the music commences with a sigh; holds a pleasant monotonousness with lightly varied repetitions and slight modulations of tone; dies gradually away in seried subordinate clauses. The words, even when they are polysyllabic, achieve a sort of laconic and monosyllabic effect, stand separate and clipped as nouns in a child's talk. And the metaphors which cover the music, metaphors extended in the case of the playlets to include scenery and the gestures of frightened girls and blundering wistful boys, as well as the lyrics themselves, reënforce the picture. It is through articles and beings common to the ordinary round of days, the common city ways and sites that the poet perceives the tragic-comedy of the insecure life he knows: small, cheap, humble objects set suddenly for a godlike instant aglow with high or humorous significance. Love comes a ragpicker. One's proper formula, elusive in the half-blind regions of the brain, is a fickle, summer-night moth. Little ego, soaring above the earth in ecstasy of self-love and playing with worlds, is a child tossing colored balloons. The title of a group of poems, The Round of a Five and Ten Cent Store, might stand above all of them, so usual is it for Kreymborg to feel himself through small replicas, "seconds" many of them, nevertheless able to support life and contribute to its capital. Blood of Things contains a charming bestiary; but the animals treated therein might, with the exception of the camel, house in coops in a backyard; being parrakeets, owls, worms, robins, ducks,

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roaches, and poor harrowed hens. The beasts of prey and of large flight have not interested him.

It is almost impossible for an artist to find perfect fitness of expression if he has not a background of culture to help him render his feelings precise; and the exquisite justness of Kreymborg's representations, therefore, supplies indirect proof that the past was animate and the values always real for him. But one does not have to analyze the poet to establish the presence of feeling for the past. Assurance of it comes to one directly out of the poems as in a dream. These little forms, strange-colored as upstart fungi, do indeed make life in one move outward. All feelings are interfitting, holding passkeys to one another; and the small pieces of Kreymborg, their size notwithstanding, bring one into relation with the grandeurs of human living. Wisdom, insight, a certain capacity for viewing his own experience objectively, permitted Kreymborg to keep the expression of his feelings proportionate; and the truthfulness to scale constantly refers one to the human magnitudes against which the feelings and experiences are thrown. The exact representations of the little heart's surges toward life, its contradictions and basenesses, therefore give us the reality and the dream as well; for we see, we reject, and are pointed once again toward the sun. Kreymborg may go among the great men a boy in short pants blowing a wooden whistle. But he keeps, through all his little rounds and ritournelles, the rhythm of their mighty march.

Hence, when Kreymborg came to write the sonnets published in Less Lonely, his new volume, he moved with perfect logic. He was attacking a form long felt and understood by him, and now brought into immediate relationship with him by his development. Some material more rebellious than his "free forms" had become necessary to him. Not alone Italy and the sense of solidity, of weight, of durable marble and bronze which is brought inevitably by the Mediterranean, had caused the graduation from the perpetual kindergarten of America. Some interior sense of muscularity seems to have arrived. The poet, it would appear, had found himself not only among the classic cypresses and hills of Rome and of Maggiore; but farther, even in the broken world of after-war, along the road which leads to the place of great living where the male motives and agonies are. The poems, sonnets and free forms alike, are full of images of struggling, revolting, resistant objects: men who believe and sparks which "lead on again the universe;" and lyric with proud thanks and pity for them. Added to Kreymborg's native subtlety, wit, and charm, fused with his capricious dourness of fancy, and his concision and obliquity of statement, there spreads a new and almost oriental voluptuousness of color. Even in Blood of Things there is no piece as rich as And White the White Invokes. But not only the sonnets and poems in blank verse in Less Lonely have new sonority and largeness of flow. The pieces resembling the old "free forms:" little rondos and twinkling metric figures unrhymed or only very lightly rhymed: Italian Stream, Peasant, Dawn, Pushcart, Adagio, show a new firmness of line. Kreymborg is no longer shy of direct expression. Full of this new certainty, then, it was inevitable that this poet of intimacies should try himself out against the intimate, resistant form of the sonnet.

He has been astonishingly agile with the "small keys" of Petrarch and of Shakespeare. To be sure, the mould has occasionally defeated him. The five sonnets on Savonarola Burning are a little coldly noble and impersonal. In other sonnets, less rhetorical and more pungent, the inspiration flags momentarily and the hand laboriously stuffs the holes. Sometimes the thought becomes mortally congested in the form. But none are entirely without some fine brushing of gray, some happy conceit or turn of phrase, some fine wistfulness or largeness of thought; and seven or eight, among them The Mountains Stoop to Hills, Quite High Enough or Low, A Ribbon Two Yards Wide, When They Require Gardens and Another Grieving Forest, ring new and round. It is reassuring to find Kreymborg developing his small but nevertheless authentic maestria; and at a time when so many promising literary edifices stand like uncompleted houses raised no farther than the ground floor, to hear him hammering steadily on the second story of his own.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

The South: A Psychological Interpretation

Darker Phases of the South, by Frank Tannenbaum. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

SO much has been written about the South and its problems that one instinctively shies away from the subject. What is there still to be said that is either new or true? What room is there for another "solution?" Mr. Tannenbaum offers no solution. What is still more to his credit, he had no concealed solution in his pistol pocket when he set out to make this study. His equipment consisted in a mind well trained in modern psychology—and therefore open and observant—a great stock of genuine human sympathy, and a well balanced judgment. It has enabled him to discover a great deal that is both new and true. He is occupied with institutions and social conditions that are essentially evil, yet he is so careful to make allowances for historical development and to distinguish between social behavior and individual character and responsibility that no fair-minded reader can accuse him of "attacking the South." Indeed, he may be criticized for a too apparent anxiety to conciliate Southern touchiness. The South is not really so afraid of plain speech—provided malice is absent—as most Northerners assume.

The problems Mr. Tannenbaum studies are the Ku Klux Klan and the habit of violence, the cotton mill town, the Southern prison systems, and the tyranny of King Cotton. According to his interpretation—essentially a just one—there is a sore spot in the conscience of a vast number of southern men resulting from their attitude toward the women of the colored race, on the one hand, and their attitude toward white women on the other; from the identification of love with the one and lust with the other; from the collective forces working toward an infra-human brutalization and a super-human idealization in a department of human psychology where there can be no health without unity. It is inevitable that influences originating in the overstrained and distorted feelings of the ruling race males are reflected in some form in the minds of the white women, and also in the minds of the Negroes. The latter are impelled toward the "unspeakable crime" by the very fact that it and the penalties inflicted are unspeakable. And nothing but such a reflected influence can account for the cases in which white women and girls have built up fictitious accounts of advances and assaults, to the frightful undoing of some poor colored wretch.

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The presence of two distinct races on one soil would present a serious psychological problem, in any case. It is tremendously aggravated by a condition of life in which most of the community is chronically starved, emotionally and intellectually. All rural America suffers from such starvation, but no part so much as the South, where illiteracy is still common, and where even those who can read have neither books nor the desire for them; where the one-crop system, with its inevitable impoverishment of the worker on the soil, has produced a whole population of nomadic tenants among whom a normal social life is impossible.

Mr. Tannenbaum is not the first to emphasize the destructive effects of the one-crop system. I have nowhere seen an indictment at once so sweeping and so just as he brings against the system. It is King Cotton that has transformed the great mass of the rural white population into miserable tenants, hopeless, shiftless, ignorant, anaemic. These southern poor whites are essentially of good stock, for the most part. A baneful agricultural system has made them what they are, just as the same system has imposed upon the southern landowner, typically a kindly and generous man, the necessity of supervising and driving his tenants as the mediaeval lord supervised and drove his serfs.

Many have looked to the increasing industrialization of the South as a possible relief from the evils of a rural system that fails to give the essentials of a good life to the masses. But this industrialization has in large part taken the form of the "mill town," where families drawn in from the country live in company houses, walk on company streets, attend company churches, send their children to company schools, to be educated for life in the company factory. In other words, it is industrial peonage, replacing rural peonage. The results are what might be expected, a population without initiative or ambition, promptly rendered unfit for agricultural life but not fitted for any other life beyond the mill. These people, too, are of good stock, the stock that produced Calhoun, Jackson, Lincoln. From the mill towns no persons even of county note are emerging. The South is subjecting these Anglo-Saxons to influences that involve their degeneration and decay. It is no serious exaggeration to say, with Mr. Tannenbaum, that the South is burying them.

Let us hurry over the author's account of the prisons, the penal farms and chain gangs. The conditions he describes, largely through excerpts from official documents, would be beyond belief, if it were not for the fact that every section of the country, and every country, handles its prisoners in ways that are beyond belief. Packing men in steel cages, eighteen in a cage 7 x 7 x 14, under a sheet iron roof in the blazing southern summer, riveting gnawing chains on them, beating them to a pulp, starving them, imposing on them a community of vermin and disease—such things men do to men today, not in Russia under the Bolshevik usurpers but in America under the duly constituted authorities. It is time to start a crusade for the good old English rule of executing every man who cannot be safely left at large. Henry VIII killed a man but once. We do it a thousand times.

As I have said, Mr. Tannenbaum offers no solution. He does not believe in "solutions." They are, he believes anodynes rather than remedies—anodynes, however, for the surgeon, not for the patient. He does, however, see signs of a change for the better. The Negro is moving North, thus relieving the South of the besetting fear that the black race will outbreed the white. His place will have to be taken, Mr. Tannenbaum thinks, by foreign labor, which will bring in new problems, new fears, new hatreds, to dissolve the unhealthy fixation on the Negro problem. The book was written, it must be remarked, too early to make due allowance for the recent development of sentiment for restricting immigration. For my own part, I have more faith in such conscious efforts to improve both economic conditions and race relations as are making in North Carolina than in any extensive replacement of the southern population by foreign stock. There is plenty of public spirit in the South to effect substantial improvement, once it finds a workable program on which it may concentrate.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

John Galsworthy

The Manaton Edition of the Works of John Galsworthy in twenty-one volumes. Vols. I., II., and III., The Forsyte Saga; Vol. IV., Villa Rubein, and Other Stories. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $158.00.

IT had better be confessed. This row of volumes, austere and fair, strongly resembling at a little distance a correct preservation of a classic, slightly surprised the reviewer when he saw on the back of one that it was the Forsyte Saga. A collected edition of John Galsworthy! And the Manaton, of course.

Why had he not expected it? Why was it not taken as the natural and perfect fruition of literary virtue in its proper season? As well ask why our younger critics, who have had to take over Hardy with Shakespeare, and who prove but little restive—so slightly reluctant that only a jealous observer would notice the pause—when accepting Conrad also as one about whom their opinions are not sought, appear not to have heard of John Galsworthy. They never mention him. They discuss freely other writers whose names have only just come and are at present unknown beyond the choice corners where the gossip of the publishers is exchanged. Everybody hopes, of course, that those so recent mauves and maroons are not such touchy blooms as they look, but that they will develop, in our searching British climate, sound woody stocks. We hope so, yet at the same time think it is fair to note how much more frequently we hear of them, as signs and wonders, than we do of an author whose growth is so well rooted that here is a collected edition of his works in dark, sage green.

It was inevitable perhaps, that those who praise with such words as "brilliant," "clever," "ingenious," and so on, should be doubtful about a description for the Forsyte Saga. It would be foreign to them. It is certainly neither clever nor brilliant. Sagas never are. But the very fact that the book is called a saga may prove irritating to those who are unready to be suitably solemn before a literary reputation obtained in a way which puzzles them, a reputation which they have preferred to ignore rather than to challenge. But there, anyhow, the reputation is. We are dimly aware that America long ago regarded John Galsworthy as they do Thackeray and the Tower: a feature of the enduring British prospect. But not all of us know that the author of the Man of Property, where English is read on the Continent of Europe, is regarded as a kind of symbol of the English—or, rather, of all that we should like to think we are, all that is fine and unassailable in our

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tradition. Now we read this Manaton edition we even feel that European students render us an embarrassing tribute when they take John Galsworthy as expressing veraciously that essentially British character and culture which deserved to survive for so long the battle and the breeze. The tribute is embarrassing because we know what the Continent cannot know—that Mr. Galsworthy's Country House, though not one of the stately homes of England, has been, since Tudor times, of far more importance than any of the stately homes; yet, nevertheless, that it was not all England, though strangers would never guess that; for behind that fair front, hidden and almost noiseless, another England lived and moved. Our governing class lived in that Country House, the people who were entitled to claim the diplomatic service as their preserve, the universities and the professions as their own, and the upper ranks of the civil service, and the best clubs.

They were the rich folk who, during the industrial revolution, took over the feudal responsibilities to the state of the dispossessed nobles. They were, indeed, the people who made England what it is. How, at last, they faced their destiny there are the war records to show.

And we see now why it is this generation misses the significance of John Galsworthy's work. It is of the past, and for the future. It is of so recent a past that it is too poignant for us to read with that equanimity which a classic demands. Mr. Galsworthy is the historian of England's upper middleclass household. Even in late Victorian times it had nearly run its course; it was in the mellow October of its life, and Mr. Galsworthy gives it that wistfulness, as the shadow of its night and winter comes, and an understanding of its responses and perplexities, which only knowledge and judgment touched with compassion could bestow.

Now between it and us is the gulf of the war years—the Edward and Victorian times are with those of Queen Anne. We are not interested—that is, we are too acutely concerned with all that happened when the final hour struck, and that class in England saw its doom plainly written in the sky, to wish to read Mr. Galsworthy's subtle drama of those long declining years which ended in the great calamity. We ourselves are shy of that poignant record. But how grateful to John Galsworthy will be the next generation! For we know, at least, what a treasure it is to come upon the thoughts and daily acts of a veritable household of the past—light falls, then, on men and women like ourselves. How much more instructive a butcher's bill will be, of the late war years, than most of the speeches of the great statesmen! Little relics like a ration card, a field postcard, a telegram with its final word destructive of hope, will say more to future students than all the heroic aspects given to the affair by the eloquent professional exhorters.

And Mr. Galsworthy has preserved for the future the intimate story of that Country House which gave England its name and fame from the Reform bill to the war; and shows it just after that war, in the world of the upheaval, grouped like the tragic figures in great drama after doom is past. Such art as that surely must mean "immortality." The historians of the next century, who will try to make us live again, will read Mr. Galsworthy with delight and an understanding which is nowhere articulate today except in such volumes as these.

H. M. Tomlinson.

More That Could Be Told

Adventures in Journalism, by Sir Philip Gibbs. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

As much as any man now writing for the press, Sir Philip Gibbs is the model of the story-book reporter who lives his life upon the high road of adventure. All sorts of experiences have fallen to his lot. He has campaigned with Allied armies in the fields of France, talked behind the scenes with Kings and Popes and Warlords, followed the trail of border battle through the Balkans and strike violence through Wales, steamed down the Cattegat in a Danish tug to welcome Dr. Cook on his return from an imaginary Pole, watched young King Manuel of Portugal shiver in the dark mists of a Windsor morning, waiting for a shot at royal birds.

This new book of his, Adventures in Journalism, like his two books about the war, is rich in its narration of experiences comic, terrifying and spectacular, of a sort that few men can match in our prosaic modern world. Here is the diary of a reporter on the Richard Harding Davis style, and not only a diary but a biography as well. For Sir Philip weaves his tales around a story of his life: the first days in Fleet Street, Northcliffe, the ill-fated Tribune and the Daily Mail.

It is an interesting story, with the best of tellers at the helm: but one may be forgiven if, from a story of Sir Philip's life, one expects more than one finds. Here is a man who has risen to the top of his profession, a modern journalism fundamental in its influence upon the western world, little understood and little analyzed. Sir Philip tells his reader what he thinks of many things—wars, Turks, armies, politicians, suffragists and generals—but leaves his own profession in the cold. Three pages cover all he has to say about this job of his, and those three are singularly dull.

"Never a life of easy toil," he writes—"seldom one of rich rewards"—"uncertain tenure"—"never-ending tax upon the mind and heart"; but, for all that, "a great game"—"the lure of the adventure"—"the test of one's own quality of character and vision."—Good enough, all this, for the City Editor taking the cub reporter out to lunch his first day in the office, or the Dean of the School of Journalism addressing his flock on graduation day: but a disappointment in a man who often makes the fresh contribution that comes from Philip Gibbs.

Perhaps we shall have a sequel to Adventures in Journalism. Just as the plain narrative of war days was followed by two books of critical inquiry into war and how they manage it—Now It Can Be Told, and More That Must Be Told—it may be that second thought will move Sir Philip to another effort. Certainly there are a good many points on which his experience could throw light—points of real importance about which next to nothing has been said: sources of foreign news and ways of handling it; how you tell the world what "France" is thinking, and what happens when the Quai d'Orsay decides to change its mind; who runs and owns the great continental press associations; what is meant by Reuter, Havas, Riga, Helsingfors.

There is another book on journalism that Philip Gibbs could write. It would be a good book to read. More power to his pen.

C. M.

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Diplomatic Portraits: Europe and the Monroe Doctrine One Hundred Years Ago, by W. P. Cresson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

A SERIES of discriminating and interestingly written pen pictures of the leading personalities in western diplomatic history in the era of the Congress of Vienna and the Monroe Doctrine. The figures dealt with are Alexander I, Napoleon, Castlereagh, Talleyrand, Mme. de Krüdener, John Quincy Adams, Friedrich von Gentz, Metternich, Chateaubriand and James Monroe. Though anecdotal and episodical, these sketches illuminate a dramatic, if futile, era, and will prove stimulating to the general reader and the beginning student of European diplomatic history. The most original material is contained in the chapters on Mme. de Krüdener, von Gentz and Chateaubriand. Welcome at any time, these essays appear with special propriety on the hundredth anniversary of the Monroe Doctrine.

H. E. B.

The Physical Basis of Life—A lecture delivered before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, 1922, by Edmund B. Wilson. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50.

SINCE Huxley lectured under this title in 1868, a new world has been opened to us inside the cell as amazing in its minute multifariousness as the new world inside the atom revealed to us by Bohr. The veteran investigator, whose labors have largely led to this new knowledge, surveys the field in this slim volume and shows how the factors of heredity, though beyond the reach of the microscope, have been discovered, counted and mapped. These infinitesimal and indivisible entities are definite in number and arranged in serial and invariable order on the nuclear threads, each unit specific and self-perpetuating and carrying over to the offspring a particular set of physiological and mental characteristics.

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Contributors

DAVID FRIDAY, professor of economics at the New School of Social Research, has carried on extensive statistical studies in the United States Treasury Department and has had wide experience in the appraisal of public service corporations. He is author of Profits, Wages and Prices and numerous articles on economics in scientific anl general magazines.

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PAUL ROSENFELD, Yale 1912, is the author of various critical articles on music and literature. His most recent book, Musical Chronicle, was published by Harcourt, Brace and Company.

H. M. TOMLINSON, assistant editor of the London Nation since 1917, has written many books, among them The Sea and the Jungle, Old Junk, London River, and Waiting for Daylight.

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